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Author's Note and Allegiances

Author's Note:

Hello, everyone. Before you read this book, I just want to make a quick author's note before you begin reading "Icestar and Blossom."

This was the first warriors fanfiction I ever wrote, so the plot is cliche, but thank you if you enjoy it anyway. This was written back in 2010, so please be wary of this when commenting about how I "stole" names from newer Warriors books, etc.

Thank you for checking out this book, and I encourage you to check out my other warrior cats novels and non-warriors novels as well. You can access a whole list of my other warriors fics from my profile.

~Maeve

~COPYRIGHT STATEMENT REGARDING MY WARRIORS FICS~
I am putting this here simply because it has become quite an issue lately. Please DO NOT use my original characters/clans/concepts in any of your Warriors fics. (This does not include warriors cats with the same names. I understand coincidences if we happened to pick the same names for our characters.) I work hard on my novels, and it is upsetting to witness a circumstance where the author feels they need to "borrow" ideas/characters from me because they're not creative enough. Simply stated, the Warriors world is big and complex enough for an author to be able to create his or her own characters/clans/plot. Thank you for your understanding.

~STATEMENT REGARDING GRAMMATICAL ERRORS AND COMMENTS~

Please REFRAIN from continually correcting typos and grammatical errors. I am a grammar nazi myself, and I understand some of you are too, but I have several published works and do not have time to correct EVERY error. Unless the error severely limits your

understanding of the story, I will not be taking immediate action to fix these typos. Please REFRAIN from telling me "cats can't cry" and "cats can't blush" etc. These novels are a work of FICTION. I know cats can't cry and perform human-like characteristics; however, this is a work of fiction and is written in a way to convey emotion. I am sick and tired of getting comments like these because they detract from my work and make it seem like you care more about correcting typos/ (sorry) being a pompous know-it-all than reading and enjoying a work. Don't be surprised if I get sassy/sarcastic with you in the comments. I ask you refrain from making such comments on my work.

CATS: (Only mentions cats that make an appearance or are mentioned)

ICECLAN:

Leader: Rockstar (old gray tabby tom)

Deputy: Leopardspots (spotted tom)

Medicine Cat: Mintleaf (white she-cat with gray patches)
~Apprentice: Weedpaw (brown tabby tom)

WARRIORS:

Cloudshadow (white tom, Stonecloud's brother)

Crowfrost (black tom, Mate: Mossyfur)

Redfoot (dark ginger tabby tom with green eyes)

Shadepelt (dark gray tabby she-cat)

Quailsong (gray she-cat)

Darklight (dark brown tabby tom)

APPRENTICES:

None Mentioned

QUEENS:

Stonecloud (white she-cat with green eyes. Mate: Sammy((kittypet)) Mother to Icekit and Blossomkit)

Mossyfur (white she-cat with green eyes. Mate: Crowfrost. Mother to Emberkit, Coalkit, and Lilykit)

KITS:

Emberkit (ginger tabby tom)

Coalkit (black tom with green eyes)

Lilykit (brown tabby she-cat)

Icekit (white she-cat with smooth pelt and icy blue eyes)

Blossomkit (fluffy white she-cat with icy blue eyes)

ELDERS:

Mouseclaw (old gray tabby tom)

KITTYPETS:

Sammy (fluffy white tom with blue eyes)

Butterfly (black she-cat)

Snickerdoodle (ginger tabby tom with green eyes)

Prologue

"What do you mean you're having kits?!" the white tom spoke out in a sharp cry. His mate, a white she-cat, gazed down, saddened by his look of disapproval.

"I thought you'd be happy, Sammy," she spoke quietly, not looking up from her paws. Her mate padded towards her, the bell on his collar ringing.

"No Stonecloud I am happy, but I'm also worried. How can these kits have a kittypet and clan cat as parents?" His voice was frantic, and Stonecloud knew he had a good point.

"We'll find a way," Stonecloud spoke. She sat down on the forest floor, sighing. "I'm just afraid that Rainstar will be angry!" she spoke. "Everyone knows I don't have a mate!"

"I can join your clan!" Sammy suggested.

But Stonecloud shook her head. A kittypet joining IceClan? Yes, her clan was in need of members, but it wasn't so desperate that it would take kittypets. "No Sammy. You can't."

There was a pause, and Stonecloud thought for a moment. It was the last plan she had stored, and she didn't want to use it unless it was necessary, but she knew it was. She had to use this plan. The fate of her warrior life depended on it. Hesitating, she spoke, "Well, there is this one cat..."

"What?"

"Sammy," Stonecloud spoke. "We've been mates for nearly a moon now. I remember when I met you after our battle, with your blue eyes and white pelt, I couldn't resist, but I was so somber that day for a reason. I was not sorrowful just for my clan, or for my dead brother, but for my mate, Whitewhisker, who died in battle. He had been my mate for a short time. I don't think it's too late to claim

they are his kits."

Sammy didn't show any anger, and Stonecloud was surprised. "Stonecloud, tell them that the kits are his."

"Wouldn't that make you angry?" Stonecloud asked. Sammy shook his head.

"As long as you're happy," he smiled. Stonecloud purred and nuzzled her mate. It seemed they would not be hopeless at all. They had found a solution, and now Stonecloud's kits could grow up without shame.

"Then you can bring them to me!" Sammy replied after a pause. Stonecloud's smile faded.

What? What had Sammy just said? Was he serious? Raise them as kittypets?! "No, these kits will be raised as clan cats," Stonecloud spoke slowly, anger bubbling through her veins. She slowly walked away without turning to say goodbye to Sammy.

"Wait, Stonecloud, come back!" he said.

Stonecloud didn't turn around though. She would raise the kits in the clan. That was the right choice, wasn't it? IceClan was failing after all, and they needed new warriors. It would work out, right? She would save these thoughts for later, as she arrived back in camp to come face to face with her best friend, Mossyfur.

"Stonecloud! Why didn't you tell me you were having kits?" Mossyfur asked, her green eyes sparkling. She sat down, her white pelt gleaming in the sunlight aside from the black spots that were speckled throughout her coat. Along with her littermates--two brothers; one was a good warrior and the other had been killed in battle--Mossyfur had been her friend since birth. Was it that obvious? Cats could already tell she was expecting?

Mossyfur was the mother of three kits --Lilykit, Coalkit, and Emberkit--and her mate was Crowfrost, a noble IceClan warrior.

"I...I," Stonecloud quivered. Mossyfur rubbed her pelt against her friend.

"Don't worry! It's kind of frightening at first, but soon you'll be happy! I know I was happy when my three bundles of joy were born," she smiled. "Is Whitewhisker the father?"

Stonecloud nodded weakly. No, Whitewhisker wasn't the father, but it was as clever a form of disguise.

Mossyfur glanced at Stonecloud. "Oh, Whitewhisker will be watching them from StarClan! If only he were still alive. He died bravely in battle."

So did my brother. Stonecloud thought.

"Does Rainstar know?" Mossyfur asked.

Stonecloud shook her head.

"Let's tell him!" Mossyfur spoke excitedly. She took off, Stonecloud running after her friend.

"Woah, slow down," Rainstar cried as Mossyfur halted in front of his den.

Rainstar was the leader of IceClan. Ever since the battle against WaterClan, IceClan had begun to grow weak. Rainstar was an old cat, and he had been leader since before Stonecloud was born. It was obvious he was on his last life, and Stonecloud was worried as to what would happen when Leopardspots, the deputy, became leader. Stonecloud hoped IceClan would remain strong, but their medicine cat, Mouseclaw, had made it known that StarClan would abandon them. Mouseclaw was an old cat as well, and he would be an elder soon.

"What's this all about?" Rainstar asked.

Mossyfur smiled. "Stonecloud's having kits!"

Rainstar's eyes lit up.

"This is a perfect opportunity for our clan to grow strong again!" he smiled. Stonecloud smiled, too, yet guilt filled her. What if she did give these kits to Sammy? No. She shook the thought away. These

kits would be kits of IceClan.

Stonecloud walked into the nursery, Mossyfur joining her.

"I'll help you take care of the kits considering Whitewhisker is dead," and Stonecloud nodded in reply. Mossyfur would help. Everything would turn out well. Stonecloud curled up with these thoughts and was asleep soon enough as happiness filled her spirit.

Chapter 1

"They're beautiful," a voice rang inside the nursery. "What will you call them, Stonecloud?" Mossyfur mewed. The proud mother had birthed two white she-cats. She pointed to one and said, "This one will be Icekit, in memory of IceClan."

Mossyfur tilted her head--Stonecloud had started to believe StarClan would abandon IceClan, since things hadn't been any better after the announcement of her pregnancy. DarkClan had stolen a part of their territory, followed by the loss of a few cats to greencough.

Stonecloud extended a paw to the other ball of fur. "This one will be Blossomkit."

"Wonderful names!" Mossyfur answered, her kits peaking out from behind their mother to catch a glimpse at their new playmates.

Icekit felt something nudge against her. Was it her sister? Or her mother? She opened her eyes, glancing around the nursery.

"Look!" Mossyfur cried. "Icekit's opened her eyes already!"

"They're as blue as the sky," Stonecloud smiled. "Hello, little kit."

Icekit smiled too at her mother. "Blossomkit," she whined, nudging her sister. "Blossomkit."

Blossomkit opened her eyes, which were a beautiful green, just like Stonecloud's, and then closed them. "Come on, let's go explore the camp!" Icekit pleaded.

Blossomkit shook her head. "I want to sleep," she complained.

Icekit glanced at her mother, looking for an answer.

"Let her sleep," Stonecloud replied.

Icekit groaned. But there was so much to explore! She curled up

and slept, and when she woke up it was the middle of the night. She shivered slightly, wondering why she was so cold. Blossomkit lay asleep beside her, and Icekit turned, seeing her mother was not in the nursery.

Icekit tilted her head and inhaled; the she-cat's scent was stale. What if something bad had happened? Icekit worried. She was tempted to wake Blossomkit, but she remembered what her mother had said earlier about letting her sleep.

Sighing, she layed back down, hoping that maybe her mother would come back soon, but her eyes drooped and she soon slept again.

When she woke in the morning, Stonecloud was beside her. Maybe it had just been a dream.

Blossomkit yawned and stood.

"Can we explore now?" Icekit asked.

Stonecloud nodded and walked outside with her kits; the two little ones stumbled through the camp beside their mother, and Mintleaf, the new medicine cat, purred in amusement.

"Are these the new kits?"

Stonecloud nodded.

"Sure are curious. They'll make fine warriors!" Mintleaf sounded proud.

Blossomkit smiled, and Icekit did too. They were already getting compliments!

"Woah," said Cloudshadow, Stonecloud's brother. His eyes were the same green as Stonecloud's and Blossomkit's, and his white pelt matched too. "Well, sis', they'll make good warriors!"

Stonecloud dipped her head. She whispered to her kits, "I have a surprise for you!"

"What is it?!" Blossomkit mewed excitedly.

"I'm going to take you to meet your father!" Stonecloud said, in a mixture of excitement and nervousness.

Icekit tilted her head; Whitewhisker? No. Whitewhisker was dead. What did her mother mean, then? Or, whom?

They padded through the forest, and Stonecloud shushed them several times for reasons unknown to the two kits.

When they entered the twoleg place, Icekit could only wonder if her mother had gone crazy.

A white tom ran to Stonecloud and purred. "Stonecloud! They're beautiful!" His pelt was fluffy and long, similar to Blossomkit's. And his eyes, a deep blue, just like Icekit's.

"Who are you?" Icekit hissed, narrowing her eyes.

Stonecloud put her tail over her kit's mouth. "This is Sammy. Your father."

Blossomkit glanced at him. "But Whitewhisker is our father!" she said, turning towards Stonecloud.

Stonecloud shook her head at them and fixed a stern expression on her face. "He is. Now, go on, don't be shy!"

As Icekit approached him warily. Sammy smiled, full of warmth. Icekit ran to him, and the tom licked his kit. "You kits go stand over there while I talk to your father." Stonecloud's voice allowed no argument, so the two nodded.

Blossomkit jumped on a rock. "What do you think they're talking about?" Icekit asked.

Blossomkit shrugged.

Icekit frowned. "Well, I want to find out!"

"I want to catch this butterfly," Blossomkit squealed.

Icekit shook her head vigorously, and chastised her sister, "That's

not how you do it!"

"How do I do it, then?" Blossomkit hissed.

Icekit crouched. "Watch...And...Learn." She leapt into the air with a magnificent arc, and the butterfly landed between her paws.

Blossomkit's eyes widened. "No! It's not possible." But the dead butterfly lay between Icekit's paws as evidence that it was. "How did you do that?" Blossomkit bounced up and down once.

"I just crouched; and when the butterfly was nearby, I pounced." Icekit licked her paw, proud of her work.

"I want to try!" Blossomkit groaned. Blossomkit frantically looked around for something to pounce on, but found nothing.

"Blossomkit, there's nothing--" Blossomkit was crouching and pounced; instead of smiling, though, she screamed. Icekit's eyes widened. "Blossomkit!"

Blossomkit limped back to the rock dejectedly.

"What happened?" Icekit demanded, shaking as badly as her sister, but out of fear instead of pain.

Stonecloud heard the scream and ran to Blossomkit. She quickly determined that the kit had been bitten by a snake. The worried mother examined the wound closely - if it was an adder's bite, they would have to act fast.

Icekit ran to the rocks.

"Be careful!" Stonecloud cried as Icekit looked at the serpent. Stonecloud followed, looking at the snake as well. Thankfully, it wasn't an adder. Suddenly, Blossomkit cried out again; Icekit ran back to her, glad to run from the cold-blooded creature that had hurt her sister.

Blossomkit, in trying to catch a butterfly, had fallen off the big rock. "Oww..." she whimpered, with tears streaming from her eyes.

Stonecloud picked up her kit and began walked back to camp, and Icekit trailed behind feeling guilty. It was her fault that Blossomkit had been bitten.

Blossomkit walked to Mintleaf; Mintleaf didn't usually check the cats anymore, but her apprentice Weedpaw was out gathering herbs at the moment. Mintleaf glanced at the wounded paw. "Definitely broken."

Stonecloud's eyes widened, and her mouth opened slightly. "She was...she was bitten by a snake, too."

Mintleaf looked at the bite, assessing it. "Not an adder, but let me put some herbs on just in case it is. Sometimes it's hard to identify."

When Mintleaf put the poultice on, Blossomkit screeched. "It stings!"

"I'm letting her rest," Stonecloud said, glancing at the medicine cat for approval. Mintleaf shrugged; it didn't matter to her. Stonecloud stalked away with Blossomkit, and Icekit ran into the nursery.

Chapter 2

A few weeks had passed since Blossomkit's snake-bite incident. Icekit was forbidden to leave her sister's side in case another snake was nearby, which bored her. She would claw at the leaves falling from the trees, play with the moss that was meant for her sister, and, for the majority of the time, she would sleep.

Icekit knew her mother loved Blossomkit more than she did her because Stonecloud was always yelling at her about her sister. "Watch Blossomkit! You can't go out without Blossomkit!" Stonecloud always snuggled up to Blossomkit to keep her warm, while she called sleeping with Icekit "as uncomfortable as sleeping with ice"; needless to say, Icekit ended up sleeping alone most nights.

Blossomkit and Stonecloud would always go explore together, while Icekit was stuck in the nursery because her mother complained that the kit needed to "calm down first". Icekit's only companion was Lilykit. The kit played with her and talked to her, spending half of her time with her brotheres and then Icekit. But at the end of the day, she would spend time with her friend.

"We're leaving, Icekit!" Stonecloud called as she and Blossomkit went outside.

Icekit knew where they were going - to Sammy, of course. Icekit had only seen the white tom the time of the snake-bite; only once.

"Icekit!" Lilykit mewed. Her brown tabby pelt flashed by quickly as she padded towards her.

"Hey, Lilykit." Icekit smiled as the other kit sat down with a slight thump next to her.

"Your mother left you alone? Again?"

Icekit nodded sadly, and Lilykit looked at her. "Don't feel too bad.

When you're an apprentice you get to explore the world!" she bounced. "Well... just our territory. But it feels like the whole world."

"My mother doesn't like me," Icekit said sadly, refusing to change the subject.

"Icekit, why would you say that?" Lilykit hissed, her tone scolding. "Your mother loves you! You know that!"

Icekit shook her head. "Lilykit," she said. "Things haven't been the same since Blossomkit was bitten. For a week I had to watch her. My mother says I'm too hyper to go anywhere. She thinks I made the snake bite my sister. Now I can't go outside or do anything else!" she cried. It felt nice to have a friend to say her problems to. She had been wanting to say something for weeks, though she had kept her mouth shut.

Lilykit stared at her. "I'm sorry, Icekit..." She shifted her paws. "You know, it won't be long 'til I'm an apprentice. I have about a week or so left." Her voice was quiet, pensive.

Icekit nodded. "It's not too bad. I'll be an apprentice in a moon! Then we can train together!"

Lilykit nodded. "I...I just hope you can survive a moon," she joked.

"Of course!" Icekit said. "We both know that I can...I'll be the best warrior in the whole clan!" *Maybe then Stonecloud will love me,* she finished silently.

Blossomkit and Stonecloud walked through the forest. Blossomkit gazed around, looking forward to another visit to her father. She thought about Icekit alone in the den, and she spoke,"Mommy why does Icekit never come with us?" The kit inquired.

The mother looked at her. "Oh, her? She's too hyper. Besides, she caused that snake bite!"

Blossomkit looked at the pale white scar and kept walking. That was true, but not entirely. Blossomkit had leapt on the snake out of her own free will, but Blossomkit stopped talking, focusing now on

the more important part of the trip. "Mommy, are we almost there?" she whined, not wanting to wait a second more.

Glancing ahead, Stonecloud answered, "Almost. The twoleg houses are over there," she pointed her tail. But before they could go any further, Sammy stopped them.

"Sammy, we thought you'd be..." Stonecloud began.

"I thought I'd meet you halfway. Where's Icekit?" he asked. His head craned as he looked behind them.

"Oh, you know; she's at home. Hyper and all that," Stonecloud laughed, though Blossomkit realized it was a nervous laugh.

Sammy stared at her blankly. "Well, I think you should bring her, maybe next time," he said. Noticing Blossomkit's angry stare, he laughed, licking her forehead. "Oh, no one can compare to my favorite kit of all; Blossomkit!"

Blossomkit laughed too, pawing lightly at her father. Directing his gaze back at his mate, he said, "I actually came here to talk to you, Stonecloud." His voice was no longer laughing, but serious.

"Oh," Stonecloud frowned. She picked up Blossomkit and set her on a stump. "Blossomkit, your father and I need to talk. Stay right here and don't move a muscle!" Blossomkit nodded and settled down, placing her head in her paws.

Blossomkit wondered if she should attempt to catch another butterfly, though it had not gone well last time, and Icekit was not here to instruct her. She decided to continue to sit until her parents had finished their discussion.

As soon as they disappeared through some bushes, Blossomkit slowly crept after them. She hid in some bushes and eavesdropped. She heard her mother's screech, "You-you expect me to give her away?!"

"No, but she would be better off if..."

Stonecloud raised her voice even higher. "You doubt her skills?" She

could barely hear the tom in her rage.

"Stonecloud..." he said. "I don't, but look at her. She seems to be perfect for the life of a kittypet. You know, I barely get to see them."

Stonecloud was in tears. "But that would leave me with..." She paused. "Okay! Alright! In a moon! Just one more moon, okay?" Her tears blinded her, and Sammy put his tail on her shoulder.

"Shhh... you can still see her, Stonecloud," he soothed.

Stonecloud shook her head. "No. I can't. Do you know how close Mossyfur was to finding out? I can't. I can't take it anymore! One moon! I'll come back in one moon!"

Blossomkit ran back to the stump as she heard her mother's footsteps approaching. Leaping on the stump, she gazed around, as if she had not heard a whisper. Stonecloud picked her up by the scruff and left without saying goodbye to Sammy.

Later that week came the apprentice ceremony for Mossyfur's three kits. Rainstar stood at the top of their rock and smiled. He looked at his clan, and Icekit watched her friend carefully.

"IceClan! Welcome! Lilykit, Coalkit, and Emberkit have reached six moons, and that means they are ready to become apprentices." Pausing, he looked around, making sure he had the attention of all. "Lilykit, from this day on you will be known as Lilypaw. Quailsong." The gray she-cat walked forward. Rainstar looked at her. "You will mentor Lilypaw." Lilypaw raced down the rock, touching noses with her mentor.

Another pause. "Coalkit, from this day on you will be known as Coalpaw. Shadepelt." The dark gray she-cat padded forward, dipping her head to the tom. "You will mentor Coalpaw." Coalpaw slowly walked down the rock, unlike Lilypaw. It hadn't seemed like he wanted Shadepelt as his mentor, perhaps. He touched his nose to Shadepelt's.

Rainstar smiled as he finished, "Emberkit, from this day on you will

be known as Emberpaw! Darklight." The dark brown tabby tom walked forward, barely making eye contact with anyone. "You will mentor Emberpaw." Icekit heard the tom groan as Emberpaw raced down the rock, quickly touching his nose to the tom.

"Lilypaw! Coalpaw! Emberpaw!" The clan cheered. "Lilypaw!" Icekit cheered. She noticed Coalpaw staring at her and tilted her head. *Why is he looking at me,* she thought. She had never even spoken to Coalpaw, only noticing him playing with Lilypaw from time to time in the nursery.

Lilypaw bounded to Icekit, interrupting the kit's confused thoughts. "Oh, Icekit, I'm an apprentice now!"

Icekit mewled, "That's great, Lilykit! Congratulations!" But a part of her felt like she didn't want to congratulate her friend. It meant a whole moon stuck in the nursery, this time, alone.

Chapter 3

It was sundown, and Stonecloud was grooming her kits with a wide smile. "Are you excited for your apprentice ceremonies tomorrow?" she asked them.

"Yes!" Blossomkit screeched.

Icekit nodded in confirmation, and then she noticed the glint of tears in her mother's eyes - why would she be sad? Maybe she was crying happy tears.

"Now...go to sleep..." Stonecloud's voice quivered. Icekit obediently curled up, asleep almost immediately. She dreamed of becoming an apprentice with Lilypaw; together they learned and became the best warriors of the clan... It was, obviously, a happy dream, and Icekit's paws prickled as she thought of the apprentice ceremony that would arrive in only a few hours.

Blossomkit was awoken by the feel of her mother carrying her. "Mommy, where are we?" She pawed at her eyes, waking up fully.

Stonecloud shushed her. They were in the forest. "Where's camp?" Blossomkit asked.

Stonecloud continued walking, ignoring Blossomkit's questioning. Minutes passed and then they stood in front of a twoleg house; Sammy was waiting outside, a grin on his face.

Stonecloud stared at him, not grinning back, and Blossomkit stared at her mother in confusion.

"You brought her!" the tom said.

Stonecloud set the kit down. "Blossomkit, I have decided that you will become a kittypet, and you will not be a clan cat."

Blossomkit looked at her in tears. What? Not be a clan cat? Why ever not? Why couldn't she be a clan cat? "But...my ceremony is

tomorrow..."

Stonecloud ignored her. "Your new name is Blossom, and you will live with Sammy. Don't ever come back to IceClan, Blossom." The kit's eyes were wide and shone with tears. Why was her mother doing this to her? It was as if she wasn't the same mother who would coax her, play with her, and love her.

"NO, MOMMY! I WANT TO BE BLOSSOMPAW! I WANT TO BE A WARRIOR!" Blossom yowled, but Stonecloud shook her head.

Sammy picked Blossom up by the scruff and walked inside. Stonecloud followed behind, and Blossom gazed around at the unfamiliar twoleg den.

"I'll still see you, Mommy, right?" Blossom stared, hopeful.

Stonecloud shook her head.

"But I thought you were going to come back and visit still!" Sammy cried. Obviously he was confused about her not visiting too.

Stonecloud shook her head once again, not daring to make eye contact with Blossom. "Sammy," she began. "I am not your mate from this day on. You have forced me to give up my kit, my one true kit I've loved. I don't love you anymore and I will never love again."

"But, Stonecloud, I..." Stonecloud ignored him, instead soothing Blossom until she slept. As soon as the kit's eyes closed, Stonecloud left without a word.

The next morning, Icekit was rudely awoken by her mother's scream. "BLOSSOMKIT IS GONE!"

Mossyfur ran to her. "Oh, Stonecloud! We'll find her, I promise!" she cried. Stonecloud was in tears. Jealousy aside, Icekit was sad too; though beneath the sorrow was hope that her mother would love her now. But where could her sister have gotten to?

Rainstar ran in later that day after mourning and weeping from both Stonecloud and Icekit. "We couldn't find her. I believe she was

killed by another animal." Stonecloud sobbed, and Icekit had tears in her eyes as she walked up to the ceremonial rock.

Rainstar watched her, impassive. Though Icekit had dreamt about this day of becoming an apprentice, she had not imagined such sorrow to take place only moments before, and it was hard to smile as she padded up the rock. "Icekit. You have now reached six moons old," he said. "The time for you to become an apprentice has come. Icekit, from this day on you will be known as Icepaw until you receive your warrior name."

Icekit smiled slightly as she saw Lilypaw cheering for her. "Icepaw! Icepaw!"

"Redfoot," Rainstar said, and Icepaw watched as the the ginger tom padded forward, holding gaze with Icepaw. "You will mentor Icepaw. Teach her everything she knows." Redfoot dipped his head in agreement, and Icepaw padded down the rock to touch noses with her new mentor.

Icepaw ran down to her mother with excitement. "I'm an apprentice now!" She beamed, but her mother did not acknowledge her for a long time.

"Leave me alone," she finally spoke. "I'm not anybody's mother anymore." Icepaw, heartbroken, stared after her. Finally, she gathered herself together and found Lilypaw bounding around camp in excitement. "Come on, we've already picken out a spot for you!"

Icepaw padded into the den and laid down. She cried as she slept. She cried about Blossomkit's disappearence, Stonecloud's abandonment, and when she woke, her fur was wet with dew--or more likely, tears.

Chapter 4

Blossom yawned; her second day as a kittypet had begun, though nothing good had come from her kittypet experience.

Sammy had placed a blossom in her ear, hopeful that the twolegs would call her "Blossom." The twolegs had been surprised to find the kitten in their den, sleeping by her father. Sammy's plan had worked, thankfully, and now the twolegs called her "Blossom."

Blossom had gotten a collar, eaten nasty kittypet food, and sniffed around the house, though Sammy was in shock from Stonecloud's rejection, and he had barely made a sound in the past two days. "Come on, Daddy..." Blossom yawned again. "Feel better!"

"I can't," he sighed. "I thought your mother loved me, but I was wrong."

"She did love you... until you made her give me away!" Blossom hissed. She was angry at her father for making Stonecloud abandon her, she was angry at him for not letting her become an IceClan warrior.

Sammy glared at her through his bloodshot eyes. "Listen! I just wanted some company! If your mother really cared for you, she would've brought me Icekit!" Blossom settled down when she realized he was right.

"Sorry," she said. "I just...miss home..."

Sammy put his tail on her shoulder. "I know, Blossom, but do try to watch your language. It can be...hurtful."

The kit nodded, padding outside. Standing on the fence, she took a deep breath - to her surprise, she was able to make out a familiar scent or two. "Stonecloud?" Her voice was hushed. The cats came into view, and she gasped - it was a group of cats from IceClan, a patrol lead by Rainstar. She immediately leapt down from the fence.

Leopardspots, deputy of IceClan, stared at Rainstar. "Did you see that cat?"

Rainstar shook his head.

"I swear, it looked like Blossomkit!" Leopardspots exclaimed.

Rainstar shrugged. "We've already checked the whole territory."

Blossom hid behind the fence, wishing with all her heart that she could go home. Sensing the presence of another cat, she looked up and saw a ginger cat of her size sitting on the fence.

"Hi," Blossom said, raising her voice as if she were asking a question.

The cat ignored the implied question and laughed. "So. Sammy finally got another cat, huh?" He jumped down into the yard.

"Uh, I guess so..." she answered, narrowing her eyes. "Who are you?"

The cat laughed again. "I think the question is...who are you?"

"My name is Blossomki- I mean, I'm Blossom." After a pause, she continued. "I...I was a clan cat, but Mommy didn't want me anymore. She left me with Daddy," she added sadly.

"That's happened before," he said. "My name is Snickerdoodle. I came from the pound. I was left on the streets."

"Really?" Blossom asked. *What a terrible day for a cat to be abandoned,* Blossom thought, and suddenly, her mother's abandonment did not seem so bad anymore.

Snickerdoodle nodded and asked, "Got any siblings?"

"Well... I have one, but..." She paused.

"But what?" Snickerdoodle sat up, attentive.

"Mommy hates her. I was her favorite, but obviously she doesn't care for me anymore." She sighed. "She said she would never love

again."

Snickerdoodle paused. "Oh. I'm sorry for asking."

Blossom looked up. "Oh, it's okay."

Snickerdoodle smiled, beginning to pad away. He turned, saying, "See you around, Blossom." He then leapt back onto the fence and then down into his backyard.

Blossom stared after him, and the corners of her mouth twisted up into a smile.

Chapter 5

"Mintleaf! She's coughing again!" Icepaw yowled from the apprentice den. It had been two moons since Icepaw had become an apprentice, and Stonecloud had talked to her a total of...well, not at all.

Lilypaw had remained her friend, and now it was leaf-bare - the time of greencough. The apprentice had been coughing for the past week, and Icepaw was scared for her. What if she didn't survive?

The medicine cat, Mintleaf, had been doing all she could, but soon, Lilypaw would be moved into the medicine cat den; her cough definitely wasn't whitecough anymore.

Mintleaf padded over to Icepaw. "I'm afraid she won't be able to train for awhile. This cough is bad," Mintleaf said, examing Lilypaw.

As Lilypaw coughed, she watched the medicine cat with wide eyes. "No! I can still train..." She wheezed, before coughing harder.

"I'm afraid not. Come, Lilypaw." The apprentice stood up shakily and left with Mintleaf, who looked back at the other apprentice. As Lilypaw headed to the medicine cat den, Mintleaf turned, seeing the worry in Icepaw's eyes. "Don't worry, Icepaw. She'll be back to training soon," Mintleaf reassured her.

From behind her, another voice chipped in, surprising Icepaw. "She's strong. Don't worry," said Coalpaw. He had seemed to be hanging around her more frequently. Some days, they trained together, and once in a while they shared a mouse - but that was all there was to it.

"Thanks, Coalpaw," Icepaw felt only slightly reassured, but she forced a smile.

Redfoot, her mentor, bounded over to her. His level of excitement was higher than hers, for once. "Ready to train?" he asked, and

Icepaw could only nod.

"I heard about Lilypaw," he said as they walked into the forest, and his countenance dimmed. "Sorry."

Icepaw didn't turn or pause, but continued ahead.

"Mintleaf said she would be back in training soon," Icepaw sighed, hoping they had been more than empty words of comfort.

Redfoot started. "Icepaw, not many cats survive greencough."

"I know that, but I'm trying to believe she'll survive. Coalpaw promised she would!"

Redfoot looked down and kept walking, not speaking again about Lilypaw's sickness. "Look. A rabbit," Redfoot sounded dejected.

Icepaw pounced but her paws landed on thin air.

"You were too slow," Redfoot said. "Try to catch that vole over there." Icepaw pounced and was successful; she felt only a slight flare of pride, nothing compared to the first butterfly she'd ever caught...

"Good job!" Redfoot said. "You know, the elders have been complaining about the moss you've been bringing them. It's soggy."

Icepaw stared at him. "Sorry, I've been busy taking care of Lilypaw. I didn't drain the water properly."

"Well, it's time to start," Redfoot said.

Icepaw dipped her head.

Finally, night came; she went into the apprentice den and settled down. From inside the medicine cat's den, she could hear Mossyfur complaining that Lilypaw's nest was not soft enough. It took awhile, but eventually, Icepaw slept, praying that StarClan would let her friend live.

Chapter 6

Two months had passed for Blossom as well, who was slowly adjusting to the life of a kittypet. Blossom and Snickerdoodle had become best friends and spent their days bouncing around with each other. It felt nice to have a playmate since Blossom could barely play with Icekit due to Stonecloud's orders.

Sammy began to spend his days with them as well, only recently recovering from Stonecloud's rejection.

Snickerdoodle batted at Blossom, laughing. "You'll never take over my army!" he cried.

Blossom sniffed, pretending haughtiness. "But I'm Blossomstar! You can't destroy my clan, Snickerdoodle!"

Blossom had been telling Snickerdoodle all about the clans. Although she had lived only six moons as a clan cat, she still remembered everything she'd learned, which was an ample amount. She taught him about the leaders, the enemies, and all the clan secrets, and the ginger tom found it interesting, but not interesting enough to join one, of course.

Sammy walked outside, a stern look on his face. "Don't tell me you're playing those silly clan games again," he chided. Sammy didn't like it when she played her game with Snickerdoodle, and Blossom had a good idea why he didn't like them.

Blossom got up. "But Daddy, it's fun!" she argued.

Snickerdoodle nodded in agreement.

Sammy stared at them, growling, "You know I don't like hearing about the clan."

"What happened between you and Stonecloud may not have been my business, but is it my fault? Why are you taking all of this out

on me?" Blossom felt rage spreading through her. "I enjoyed my life as a clan cat," she spat, furious. "If you can't accept that and if you refuse to acknowledge that I would give anything in the world to go back, then why don't you just leave?" Sammy, taken aback, quickly retreated into the house.

The two cats stared at each other, and Snickerdoodle glanced at Blossom as if he were to say "Go talk to him."

"I guess I'll go apologize," she said, and she padded into the house after the white tom.

As Blossom entered, she noticed her father sulking in the corner, gazing down at his paws.

"What do you want?" he replied, hurt.

Blossom approached him carefully, trying not to get too close.

"I wanted to apologize," she sighed. "I know you hate Stonecloud. A part of me hates her too. The fact she just gave me away is hard for me to . . . accept. I'm sorry I always bring up the clan. It will always be a part of me, and it can't be taken away."

Sammy looked at her softly, blue eyes forgiving. "I won't hold a grudge," he smiled and glanced up at his daughter. "As long as I get to be Sammystar! Leader of SammyClan!" he joked.

Blossom smiled. After two moons, her father was back.

She couldn't wait to tell Snickerdoodle that her father was back to his old-self. But as she looked around, she saw that the ginger tom had disappeared. Where did he go? She leapt onto the fence, looking for her friend, and as she glanced towards the street she saw him - he was talking to another cat.

Blossom jumped off the fence ready to approach him. "Snickerdoodle!" she hissed. Blossom froze for a moment. She hadn't meant to hiss at him.

Snickerdoodle jumped at the sound of his name. "Oh, Blossom," he said with a smile. "This is Butterfly. She just moved in next door."

He pointed to a dark black she-cat with dull blue eyes. The cat didn't bring to mind a butterfly--more of a moth.

"Nice to meet you," Butterfly said. Her voice was a soft purr. "It's so great to see other cats. Snickerdoodle was just offering to show me around and said something about hanging out some time --so we can get to know each other. You're welcome to come too," she gave a gentle smile.

Blossom bounced off the fence and stormed into the house instead of speaking. She knew now why she had hissed at the ginger tom earlier. She was jealous. She only just realized that she'd liked the tom, and more than as just a friend.

"Wait, Blossom!" Snickerdoodle raced after her. "What was that all about?"

She sighed and let out the truth. "Okay, I know this is stupid, but I was jealous. I-I like you Snickerdoodle, okay?" she broke off. "I know I'm stubborn, and stupid for being jealous, but now you know the truth. So go talk to Butterfly." Blossom turned, swishing her tail half-angrily.

She waited for him to get flustered, but his voice calmed her. "You-you do? Well I like you too, Blossom. I swear, I was just showing Butterfly around. I'm friendly like that."

"Really?" Blossom was surprised. She thought Snickerdoodle had assumed they were no more than friends. Snickerdoodle nodded, and Blossom smiled and nuzzled him with affection.

Chapter 7

Icepaw was awoken by Mossyfur's scream. "Lilypaw is dead!"

No, she couldn't be. Coalpaw said she would recover, Icepaw thought, racing to the medicine cat den. The news couldn't be true.

Icepaw gasped at the sight of Lilypaw's cold body, limp on the floor.

"Lilypaw!" Icepaw screamed, shaking the limp she-cat. "NO!" Her whole life was already messed up, and now this! Why did everything go wrong? Nothing went right for her. With tears streaming down her furry face, she screamed at Mintleaf. "You said she would be okay! Why is she not okay?" Icepaw collapsed to the ground, and the cold seeping through her fur only served to remind her of the reason for Lilypaw's death.

Mintleaf looked at her. "I'm so sorry..." she said. Icepaw nuzzled her friend's cold body and weeped. Her brown fur, now cold and tangled, was draped with tears.

Coalpaw burst into the den, and Icepaw hissed. "You!" She growled at him, bristling. "You lied to me!" She growled, Coalpaw stepping back as Icepaw came nearer and nearer towards him.

"I-I didn't know-" Coalpaw whimpered.

Icepaw ran outside, refusing to listen to him. Where was Stonecloud? She was to blame for this! But now, Icepaw needed to be alone.

Icepaw ran off to the forest, and her eyes did not dry. Her only friend was gone. *What will I do now?* she thought, for she had lost her one and only friend. Lilypaw was the only one who understood her.

As she reached the beginning of Thunderpath, she collapsed in the middle of the road. *Maybe I should just wait to for a monster to come*

and kill me, she thought.

Suddenly, she saw lights shining through the darkening sky. *Perfect,* she thought, not caring about her life anymore. She would rather go to StarClan than live another day in this terrible clan.

"Icepaw!" A voice was insistently making its way into her head, and then she was pushed aside as a large monster roared by. She suddenly realized who the she-cat was.

"MOTHER!" She screamed as she had never screamed before, running to the she-cat. Her beautiful white pelt was coated in blood. "No, Mother, no..." she closed her eyes.

But Stonecloud was still alive, her green eyes fixated on Icepaw's. "Icepaw, I'm sorry. I'm sorry Lilypaw died; I'm sorry you grew up alone; and I'm sorry I wasn't a good mother." No, this couldn't be happening. Why was this happening?

"You were-are a great mother. Mintleaf will save you--" But she knew she wasn't part of a fairytale. Stonecloud was going to die whether she liked it or not.

"I love you, my little Icepaw," Stonecloud closed her eyes, cutting off the brilliant emerald glow, and then she was dead. Icepaw pushed her nose into her mother's fur. "No, no, no," she sobbed.

She dragged her mother's body off the Thunderpath and dug her claws into the dirt. *No one will die. I won't let anyone else die*, she promised herself. She attempted to bring her mother's body back, but the load was too heavy for her. She gave up, dejected, and walked back to camp with her head down.

"Stonecloud is dead," she announced to the camp with a tremorous voice. The camp had been awakened by Mossyfur's scream, and now more bad news came to them. Mossyfur's black and white coat shook, and her eyes shone with tears. "My kit and my friend, both dead."

"MY MOTHER AND MY FRIEND ARE DEAD!" she raced into the den and laid down in her nest. Maybe all of this was a nightmare. *I'll*

wake up, and everything will be okay. It'll be alright, she told herself again and again.

Another pelt, Coalpaw's by the scent, brushed against her. "I'm sorry," he whispered.

"No, it's not your fault," she said. "I'm sorry I yelled at you before..."

Coalpaw snuggled against her. "If it makes you feel better, I lost a sister."

"I lost a mother...and a friend!" she growled.

"I LOST A SISTER!" he yowled. But then he stopped as Icepaw cried even harder. "Your life is tough," Coalpaw said.

Hours must have passed, and Coalpaw did not leave her side. As Icepaw's tears finally ceased flowing, Coalpaw whispered in her ear, "I love you."

Icepaw wasn't sure if she was meant to hear it, but she replied, "I love you too."

Chapter 8

Blossom woke up to a cloudy day, the clouds looming over the sky as the wind flew by.

Another two months had passed, and it had been two months since Snickerdoodle had admitted his love to Blossom. Blossom was now ten months old, growing quickly.

Stretching, Blossom padded outside, finding Snickerdoodle on the fence, licking his paw. "Hey, Snickerdoodle!" she spoke.

Snickerdoodle leapt down from his fence, padding towards her. "Morning, Blossom. I wanted to ask you a question," he spoke, stopping in front of her.

Blossom nodded, waiting for him to ask.

"W-would you be my mate, Blossom?"

Blossom was shocked, but she gave a nod, trying to hold in a scream of joy. Blossom padded forward and nuzzled him. "Of course," she spoke softly, licking his cheek.

Snickerdoodle smiled as well, gazing at Blossom with his bright green eyes.

Only a moment later, Blossom turned to see Sammy coming outside through the cat door, smiling at both Snickerdoodle and Blossom. "Sorry to eavesdrop," he spoke, "But congratulations!" he said to Blossom.

Blossom smiled at her father, though she had noticed how much older he had been getting. He wasn't a young cat when Blossom was born, and he certainly wasn't any younger now. His eyes were duller, he walked slower than usual, and gray had begun to spread around his muzzle.

Snickerdoodle stared at both Blossom and Sammy as if he were to

speak. He hesitated, then said, "I-I just want to let you know that a few months ago, I was sitting on my fence, and I saw a small she-cat with slick white fur. I think it was your sister, Icepaw. She went onto the street. I think she was looking for your mom."

Blossom was shocked. This did sound like Icepaw. Slick white fur? Small? They were near IceClan and the other clans. This had to be her! But when Snickerdoodle had mentioned the street, or the Thunderpath, Blossom stood, frozen. "She died?!"

Snickerdoodle shook his head quickly. "No, no! A car came, and she was pushed out of the way by another cat. This one looked like her. She also had slick white fur. I think it was your mother. The younger cat ran to her, and that was all I could make out. I think your mother is dead."

Blossom collapsed to the ground in tears. "No!" she screeched. She couldn't believe it. Her mother, dead? "You're lying! No!'

Sammy looked down in sadness too, though he was nowhere as heartbroken as Blossom. Sure, Stonecloud had left Blossom, but those six moons had been a loving and fun six moons. Stonecloud had been her best friend, besides Emberpaw, though they didn't play a lot.

"I'm sorry," Snickerdoodle spoke, laying his ginger tail on Blossom. "I didn't want to tell you. I didn't want to break your heart. I just thought you had the right to know."

Blossom shook her head, the tears slowly fading "No, it's okay," she said, nuzzling him. Snickerdoodle was here now, and Sammy too. Everything would be alright.

Snickerdoodle sighed slightly as Sammy went back into the house, leaving Blossom and Snickerdoodle outside.

Blossom laid down in the cool grass, the wind ruffling her fur. She could tell it was going to rain soon. Maybe she had enough time.

She looked at Snickerdoodle, holding gaze with him. She then spoke. "I'm going to find her. I'm going to find the camp," she spoke

at last.

Snickerdoodle's eyes widened. "Are you insane?! Blossom, don't! It's going to storm out, and I don't want you getting lost in the forest. What will your clan think? They'll be mad at you!"

"I'm not going to make contact with them!" Blossom spat, leaping onto the fence. "Don't worry. I'll be back soon!" she said, crossing the road.

"Blossom! Don't!" Snickerdoodle cried, but Blossom ignored his cries and padded into the forest.

Blossom gazed around, smelling the familiar scents of what was once her home. She padded around the forest, hoping to stumble upon the IceClan camp somehow. She never looked around it too much, and she forgot the path from Sammy's twoleg home to camp.

Minutes went by, and Blossom was out of luck. She could not find the camp. She turned around, about to head back, when she spotted Rainstar. The old gray tom walked through some bushes slowly, and Blossom carefully padded behind him.

She crawled into some bushes to the side of the one that Rainstar had entered. She was able to see slightly through the leaves, and when she did, she saw the entire IceClan camp.

She looked around, spotting Mossyfur talking to Mintleaf. She tried to make out what they were saying, hoping to discover news about Stonecloud or Icepaw. The first words were muffled, but then Blossom heard them clearly.

"I just hope I can get over Stonecloud," Mossyfur sighed, swaying her black and white tail in the wind.

Mintleaf gazed at her, sighing. "Mossyfur, you've been through a lot. First Lilypaw, and now Stonecloud..."

Blossom gasped. It was true! Stonecloud was dead! Blossom held back the tears that gathered in her eyes, suddenly realizing that Lilypaw had died too. Oh, poor Icepaw. She had no friends now.

Blossom continued looking around the camp, spotting Icepaw sitting next to another cat, this one dark black. Was that....Coalpaw? Yes, it was! Was Coalpaw her friend now? Were they in love?

Rainstar walked by the bush, and Blossom stood still, afraid they would discover her. Leopardspots followed behind him, and Blossom realized Leopardspots was still deputy. As they headed away, Blossom wondered who was Icepaw's mentor.

She watched as she saw Icepaw pad away from Coalpaw, heading over to the dark ginger tom. Redfoot? Redfoot was her mentor? She tried to listen, hearing something about battle strategies. Redfoot was okay, but Blossom would've wanted Leopardspots or maybe Rainstar.

As Icepaw padded away, she sat down next to Coalpaw, and Blossom watched as Coalpaw gently licked Icepaw's cheek. So Coalpaw was Icepaw's love interest then. Or, maybe they were just really good friends.

Blossom was about to turn away when she spotted Emberpaw. Emberpaw, the tom she used to play with from time to time. She had to admit, she slightly had a crush on him, and the sight of her old love made her smile. But she quickly shook her head. No, Snickerdoodle was her mate. She turned back then, the rain beginning to pour down on the forest.

Lightning struck as Blossom headed back, and she jumped as another one struck.

Suddenly, Blossom began to feel heat. That was odd. Where was it coming from? She suddenly turned, seeing a nearby tree catch on fire. The fire sizzled on the bark, making its way towards her and other parts of the forest.

Blossom began to run, and she coughed as the smoke spread towards her. The smoke began to cover the floor now, and Blossom could barely see. She ran faster, suddenly tripping over a tree root. She stumbled and fell onto the forest floor, coughing loudly.

She gazed around, feeling the oxygen in her body decrease. Where was she? She had no idea, but she could see the flames flicking ahead of her. She tried to get up, but she was weak, and she could barely breathe.

Smoke enclosed around her body, trapping her in the fiery forest. She closed her eyes. Was this it? Was this the end.

She suddenly felt a cat pulling her to safety, or so she hoped. "Snickerdoodle?" she murmured.

The tom was a dark ginger, but this wasn't Snickerdoodle. He was a bit smaller than her mate. She suddenly gazed into his light green eyes. This was Emberpaw! He was rescuing her. She coughed, Emberpaw's face fading as she lost consciousness.

Chapter 9

Icepaw was just heading into the den to escape from the storm when she sniffed smoke. Fire!

Coalpaw ran to her, wide-eyed, from the forest. "Icepaw! Fire! Right outside of camp! We need to get out of here!" he breathed.

She spun around. "Where's Emberpaw?"

Coalpaw shrugged. "He-he must be on patrol. Come on, there's no time to lose!"

As Redfoot and Leopardspots took off into the forest, Coalpaw and Icepaw followed close behind. Icepaw turned, seeing the fire flick its way towards them. The smoke was so strong that Icepaw could barely breathe.

They kept running, IceClan cats running on either side of them. Suddenly, she tripped over some cat's foot, tumbling onto the forest floor. She looked around. Where was Coalpaw? They had been separated.

"Coalpaw!" she screeched, the smoke getting into her lungs. She coughed loudly, not seeing him anywhere. She had to keep going though. He was probably ahead of her. Her only hope was that he was safe.

She ran as fast as she could, heading towards the river with the other cats. Icepaw crossed carefully, cats carefully following behind her as they made their way against the slippery stones.

She made it over to the other side, cats following behind her. She stood in fear and horror as they watched the flames eat away their territory. She hoped Coalpaw wasn't in there.

Weedpaw suddenly emerged, carrying Rainstar. "He's unconscious!" he spoke. Mintleaf quickly began to tend to him while Icepaw

nervously waited. Where was Coalpaw? She didn't see him with any of the other survivors.

She finally closed her eyes, falling asleep. Her nightmares consisted of losing Coalpaw, watching him burn in the gruesome fire, but he had to be somewhere, right?

The next morning, sunlight shined above them, and Icepaw cringed in fear as she saw the dark, leafless trees, burnt and black.

The IceClan cats entered the territory, and Icepaw still had no idea where Coalpaw was. She gagged at the ash beneath her paws, and when they made it into camp, counting cats, it had been told that Emberpaw and Coalpaw were missing.

Icepaw had screamed and screeched at the news. Coalpaw couldn't be missing. He had to be alive and healthy, right?

The cats quickly organized a patrol, Icepaw demanding she be on it. The cats then left, heading into the forest to search for the lost brothers. Icepaw looked as Mossyfur wept beside her. If they were not able to find both her sons, she would surely kill herself for she had lost nearly every cat near and dear for her.

She walked quickly, looking around for Coalpaw. She then noticed the black tom curled up in the roots of a dead tree, a pile of dead leaves underneath him. Icepaw ran to him, shaking the tom. "Coalpaw! Coalpaw! Wake up!" she screeched.

Icepaw felt a tail on her shoulder, and she turned around, facing Mintleaf. "Icepaw, I'm sorry."

No, he couldn't be dead! He couldn't be dead! This was her second chance, her hope. She had lost Lilypaw, but now she had Coalpaw, right? She had promised herself no other cats would die, and she had failed.

Icepaw continued to shake Coalpaw. "No! He's not dead!" she wailed. Mintleaf was about to speak when Coalpaw slowly opened his eyes.

"You're alive!" Icepaw cried, licking his cheek.

He coughed, quietly speaking, "Yeah..." He looked up, looking around. "Where's-where's Emberpaw?"

Mintleaf looked at him sadly. "He never came back..."

His eyes widened. "No," he whispered. "Well, thank StarClan you're alright, Icepaw."

Icepaw helped Coalpaw up, helping him get on his feet as they slowly walked back to camp. Though IceClan was in joy that one of the missing cats had been found, they still mourned for the other.

As they padded back into camp, Icepaw knew their camp was no protected any longer. Their dens were burned and falling, all of their prey, burned. Icepaw had no idea how they would recover from this.

Icepaw leaned against Coalpaw, gazing into his green eyes. "I'm sorry I left you," she spoke.

"That's alright," Coalpaw replied. "I understand. You had to escape. You thought I was ahead of you. I came back looking for you. I'm just glad you're okay now."

Icepaw smiled, though she still felt guilty for leaving Coalpaw alone. She was the reason he had almost died.

Before she could speak again, the clan's conversation came to a halt as Shadowstar of DarkClan walked into their burned camp.

Rainstar padded forward, hissing at the tom. "What are you doing here?!"

Shadowstar stared at him maliciously. "Admit it, Rainstar! IceClan is dying!"

Rainstar growled, digging his claws into the ashes that surrounded their camp. "No, it's not!" Icepaw didn't want to admit it, but she agreed with Shadowstar.

"Your camp is destroyed. You've lost many cats. We have decided to attack you and your clan for your territory," he smiled maliciously.

"NEVER!" Rainstar hissed.

"We will give you a moon to train. Maybe StarClan will grant you some type of miracle, though I doubt it," he laughed, padding away.

Rainstar stood in utter shock. "I-I'm sorry, IceClan," he ran, running towards his den.

Icepaw sighed. Their clan was dying, only this time she couldn't protect anyone from dying.

Chapter 10

Blossom opened her eyes slowly, revealing large trees that sprouted up from the ground. Her first instinct was that she was in StarClan, for she believed the fire had taken her beautiful and glorious life.

She almost began to laugh loudly when she heard a yowl, indicating she was very much alive. "Icepaw?" Emberpaw asked, standing next to her. "Are you okay?" Realizing that Emberpaw was with her, Blossom knocked him away, standing up.

"It's me, Blossomkit! I'm not Icepaw!" she hissed at the ginger tom.

Emberpaw gasped, stepping back a little as if he were to run away and tell everyone. "But you were dead! Rainstar said himself!" He moved a little quicker now, about to run off to the clan. Blossom realized this, and she sprinted in front of him, blocking him from walking any further.

"You cannot tell anyone I'm alive," she spat. "I'll explain the story to you if you promise not to tell anyone! Please!" she begged.

Emberpaw hesitated for a moment, then nodded. "I promise."

Blossom sighed. "My mother gave me away to my father the night before my apprentice ceremony..."

"But Whitewhisker is dead!" Emberpaw argued. "That's impossible."

Blossom shook her head. "No, my father isn't Whitewhisker. My real father is Sammy. He's a kittypet." She shuffled her paws, not wanting to see Emberpaw's reaction. "Stonecloud gave me away to him, and I became a kittypet. My new name is Blossom, and I've been living there ever since, forbidden to come home..."

"Stonecloud is dead," Emberpaw said without any sympathy.

"I'm not mouse-brained!" she spat. Emberpaw shrunk down at her

hiss. "Sorry," Blossom grumbled. "I should really be returning. Don't tell anyone I'm alive! Not even Icepaw! Don't say anything about her kittypet heritage either!"

"You're not strong enough to go yet," Emberpaw announced.

"My ma-father will worry about me," Blossom sighed, about to walk away.

Emberpaw stopped her. "I'm glad you came back," he purred, intertwining his tail with hers.

Blossom smiled, getting an odd feeling. She knew she wasn't supposed to be in love with Emberpaw, but the love she had forgotten returned for a second. Realizing what she was doing, she moved her tail away, returning to the present. "Look, Emberpaw. I didn't come back to join the clan. I wanted to see Icepaw, but now I've given up on that."

She stopped as Emberpaw nuzzled her, obviously not getting the memo. But Blossom couldn't help but smile. It was true. He still loved her. "Y-You still love me?" The odd spark of love had grown bigger. At that very moment, it was as if Blossom didn't want to return, but instead, stay with Emberpaw.

Emberpaw nodded. "I was heartbroken when you went missing. Cried for moons. I still do. It was as if my heart had been torn apart."

Blossom suddenly gazed into Emberpaw's familiar green eyes. "Emberpaw, the truth is...I still love you too," she purred, the spark growing to enormous size now. She had never felt this way around Snickerdoodle.

She was distracted by Emberpaw's love, not realizing what would happen if Snickerdoodle found out that she and Emberpaw were in love. She ignored it for a few moments. She was in love with Emberpaw, and that's what mattered. He was hers. Maybe she could stay here with Emberpaw forever and never go back to Snickerdoodle.

Emberpaw smiled and knocked her over. Blossom laughed, and Emberpaw lightly bit down on her ear, just like when they were kits, playing games. She batted at him playfully, and they laughed. Maybe they would become mates and have kits...

"I love you, Emberpaw," she whispered.

"And I love you too, Blossom," he spoke.

She smiled as he laid down next to her, and together they slept side-by-side in the burnt forest, madly in love.

As Blossom awoke, she was in utter shock. What was she doing? She had a mate! She couldn't be with Emberpaw no matter how much she wanted to. The surge of love had sparked down into nothing. She could no longer feel the love towards Emberpaw.

Emberpaw awoke, gazing up at her. "Hi," he murmured, lovesick.

"I'm sorry, but I have to leave. Maybe I'll see you again someday."

"But, we could've been mates!" he cried.

Blossom sighed, beginning to pad away. She turned her head. "I'm sorry," she said, walking away, sighing as she left the heartbroken Emberpaw.

She knew she could never see him again. He might've saved her life, and they might've been in love for a day, but her mate was Snickerdoodle, and that's who her heart belonged to now.

Emberpaw's yowl ran through her ears. "But we could've been mates..." She shook the thought away. But that odd spark of love struck again, piercing Blossom's heart.

Chapter 11

Two weeks had passed since Shadowstar's message of battle. The clan was trying hard to train, but with only a few apprentices and warriors, it was hopeless. Cats were beginning to doubt themselves, and it seemed everything had given up on battle. They were all starting to accept the end of IceClan.

Icepaw sat outside the apprentice den, thinking about the battle that would most likely end their clan, when she felt another cat's pelt brush against her. She smiled.

"Hi, Coalpaw," she said.

Coalpaw smiled, but then frowned. "Icepaw," he sighed. "We can't beat Shadowstar and his warriors in battle." He sat down next to her. "And I'm worried you'll get hurt."

Icepaw looked at Coalpaw. Was he serious? She was a warrior! She didn't need any protection. She was about to let out a growl, but she stopped herself. "Coalpaw, I realize IceClan will end in two moons, but you don't have to worry about me. I'm strong. I can fight."

"Not against all the warriors," Coalpaw honestly spoke.

He was right. Icepaw stared at him and sighed. "No I suppose not," she said sadly. She watched as Rainstar padded up to the two cats, groaning. He had looked horrible ever since the fire and Shadowstar's message.

He looked down at Icepaw. "I'm afraid this battle will be the end of IceClan," he said sadly. He sat down, gazing into Icepaw's blue eyes. "I understand why you are here now, Icepaw."

Icepaw tilted her head. "What do you mean, Rainstar?"

"StarClan has chosen you to rebuild the clan. They have chosen you

to let IceClan continue to live again. You are the light that will destroy the dark shadow that casts upon us."

"But IceClan *will* end, Rainstar. How can an apprentice like me destroy all of DarkClan? This makes no sense!" Icepaw complained. Coalpaw nodded in agreement.

"Your mother named you Icepaw. She will guide you to your destiny." He walked away, leaving Icepaw with a blank expression on her face.

Icepaw shuddered at the odd prophecy Rainstar had told her. Noticing Icepaw's worry, Coalpaw put his tail around Icepaw. "Rainstar's an old cat. He's under shock. He's obviously not in the right mind." But Icepaw just stared, ignoring Coalpaw. What if Rainstar was right?

Emberpaw growled, padding by Coalpaw and Icepaw. He had been found a few days after the fire. He was in pretty good shape, but he had developed a nasty attitude ever since.

"Emberpaw, what's wrong?" Coalpaw asked.

Emberpaw stared at them, growling. "You! Don't you understand?!"

Coalpaw stared at his brother oddly. "Well, if you have something to say, spit it out," Coalpaw growled.

"I was in love with Blossom-Blossomkit! But she left-she died!" he cried, running off.

Icepaw shrugged. Blossomkit had not been mentioned in moons. Why was she suddenly brought up now? Or had she been in Emberpaw's mind all this time.

Coalpaw and Icepaw exchanged glances, eventually heading over to the sulking Emberpaw. Emberpaw growled as they came by, and Coalpaw carefully placed his tail around his brother.

Emberpaw tensed at Coalpaw's tail, but then he relaxed, growling, "There will be no right she-cat for me, EVER!" he cried.

"Emberpaw," Coalpaw said softly. "Don't say that. There will be one cat..."

Emberpaw stared at him, and it was the first time Icepaw noticed the flaming anger in Emberpaw's green eyes. "Blossomkit was that cat! You don't understand!" he spoke, running back into the center of camp.

Coalpaw sighed, looking at Icepaw. "He hates me..."

Icepaw stared at him, and she thought of herself talking to Lilypaw when she was explaining how much her mother hated her. Surprisingly, Icepaw replied back with the same response that Lilypaw said. "You don't know that." But she did know that. It was just like Stonecloud.

Coalpaw sighed, not replying. Together, they walked to the apprentice den, intertwining tails.

"Emberpaw. Don't say that. There will be one cat..." Emberpaw stared at him. "Blossomkit was that at! Don't you understand!" he ran back to camp.

Coalpaw sighed. "He hates me..." Icepaw stared at him. "You don't know that," But she did know. She had experienced it with Blossomkit. She could tell when a cat hated her. Together they walked back to camp, intertwining tails.

Chapter 12

"I'm so happy for you!" Snickerdoodle cried, nuzzling his mate. It had been a moon since the fire... and Emberpaw.

Blossom smiled weakly. Yes she was expecting kits, but guilt filled her.

She knew whose kits these were. They were Emberpaw's. Not Snickerdoodle's. But she didn't want to speak of the apprentice she was still in love with. It would not only break her heart, but it would break Snickerdoodle's heart and her father's too. Not to mention, Snickerdoodle would never be able to look at her again.

Blossom smiled and nuzzled her mate. *I wish I was nuzzling Emberpaw,* she thought. She gasped. What was she saying? She had chosen Snickerdoodle. Why couldn't she keep Emberpaw out of her mind?!

Snickerdoodle licked her cheek, still excited from the news.

"Oh they'll be the most beautiful kits ever," Snickerdoodle said, going on about being a father. Blossom nodded, sighing as she padded over to the cat door.

Sammy had not been doing too well, for he had been getting much older. He had barely left his bed most of the day. Perhaps it was still the depression and shock from Stonecloud that kept him in bed. She padded into her house, looking for her father.

"Daddy?" she asked. A grunt came from Sammy who lay in his bed. The gray had continued to spread past his muzzle. He was gray in several spots now.

"Blossom, I heard about the kits. Congrats," he spoke softly.

"I wanted to check how you were feeling, and I wanted to ask you a question," she asked, shuffling her paws nervously.

"I feel horrible if you were wondering, and I don't feel like answering questions," he said. "But what's your question?" he asked as he let out a cough.

Blossom shuddered at his cough. It was a reminder of the fire, and Emberpaw...

"Well, it's about me," she sighed. "Listen, a moon ago I wanted to see Icepaw--" She was cut off by her father.

"YOU'RE FORBIDDEN TO RETURN!" he yowled, going into another coughing fit.

Blossom stopped him. "Listen, I was about to when the forest caught on fire. I was saved by Emberpaw. I-I was in love with him, Sammy, and well, I still am. These kits are Emberpaw's. I just can't break the news to Snickerdoodle. He would be absolutely heartbroken."

Sammy looked at her, a stern expression on his face. "There is nothing you can do to stop the love between you and Emberpaw. Snickerdoodle doesn't have to know, but remember." He looked at her, holding her gaze. He looked so much like Blossom with the green eyes and thick fur...

"You must always be faithful to Snickerdoodle. I can't help you if he finds out, but your secret is safe with me."

She nodded. "Thank you, Sammy," she purred, licking her father's cheek.

Blossom padded outside, looking for Snickerdoodle again. He sat on his fence, staring out into the forest.

Snickerdoodle turned, looking at her. "Hi," he spoke.

"Hey," Blossom replied.

"I heard IceClan is going in battle against DarkClan," he spoke, his smile fading.

Blossom's eyes widened. "WHAT?!"

Before Snickerdoodle could say anymore, she climbing onto her fence, leaping off into the forest.

"BLOSSOM, COME BACK!" Snickerdoodle yowled, but she was already gone, running through the trees.

She ran through the bushes and saw the camp. It was early in the morning, yet they were all getting ready to fight.

She gasped as she saw Emberpaw practicing battle moves.

"Emberpaw," she whispered, half-hoping the tom would hear her.

She gasped as he looked her way. He said something to his clanmates, then padded into the bushes. Blossom attempted to run away, but it was too late. The tom had seen her.

"Blossom, you came back!" he cried beginning to nuzzle her.

But Blossom just stared, showing no signs of happiness. "Listen. I heard about the battle. Please survive Emberpaw. It's true. I am in love with you." She nuzzled him back, just like when she did in the fire. "I want to be your mate and be with you forever."

Emberpaw stared at her. "You do?" he asked, his eyes lighting up with joy.

Blossom nodded. "But Emberpaw, I can't. Look, my mother told me to never see you again, and I met this other kittypet. We became mates, but I don't love him anymore. I'm not sure if I ever did. And now I'm expecting..your...kits," she said.

Emberpaw's eyes widened. "Blossom..."

Blossom licked his cheek, cutting him off from saying any more. "Please stay safe. I'll see you after the battle. Meet me by the pond. I'll be waiting for you, my love." She padded off, leaving the tom behind in utter shock..

Chapter 13

Icepaw waited nervously with Coalpaw, feeling the wind ruffle her pelt. Today was the day of the battle. She stood in fear and nervousness. She was deathly afraid, but she tried not to show it.

Coalpaw licked Icepaw's cheek, trying to reassure her. "You'll be okay," he spoke.

Icepaw shivered, not replying to him. *I just hope you will,* she thought, not wanting to lose Coalpaw

She shook in fear, and she felt like her stomach was going to explode. She knew IceClan would end today, but would her life end too?

She saw DarkClan's warriors arrive. They marched towards the camp, growling and hissing. Icepaw wanted to run away. Maybe she could escape with her life, but no, she had to help her clan.

Without any warning, a yowl came. "ATTACK!"

Icepaw gasped, immediately knocked down by a white and gray she-cat. Icepaw yowled at the she-cat, pushing her off. Icepaw already had a scratch down her leg from the she-cat, but it was nothing serious. She looked around. Had she lost Coalpaw again?

The first yowl came. One of the cats discovered Mouseclaw! Leaping into the bushes, Icepaw winced as she heard Mouseclaw's yowls. She turned away, not wanting to see the old elder die.

"HEY!" It was Emberpaw, yowling at the cat murdering Mouseclaw. He jumped onto the cat and attacked him, sinking his claws into the cat's flesh. The cat pushed Emberpaw into the bushes and they fought deeper into the forest.

"Emberpaw!" Coalpaw cried. Icepaw stopped the tom from running after his brother who would surely die. Icepaw didn't want to stop

Coalpaw, but she couldn't lose him, and she was willing to risk Emberpaw's life to do so.

Icepaw ran to Mouseclaw, hoping maybe he was still okay. But it was no use. When Icepaw got to the bush, blood surrounded it, and Mouseclaw was dead.

Weedpaw gathered the herbs quickly, trying to heal the cats. Tripping, another cat leapt on him. Icepaw turned away, at first hearing his yowls, but then hearing silence.

The cat that had been fighting with Emberpaw came out of the bushes. "Emberpaw is dead," he spoke maliciously.

"NO!" Coalpaw cried. "YOU!" he screeched, leaping at the cat. Icepaw gasped as Coalpaw leapt onto the the cat, injuring him. The cat scurried away, dragging its leg behind it as it exited.

Icepaw was pulled into more fights, unable to escape. She tried to get back to Coalpaw, but she just couldn't get to him without getting into another fight.

By the time she was out of breath, she looked at her pelt. It was stained in blood, barely white anymore. She fell over, almost losing consciousness.

"Icepaw!" Coalpaw cried, running to Icepaw. A cat came over them both, and Icepaw winced, bracing for death. Suddenly, a familiar yowl came. Icepaw opened her eyes, seeing Mossyfur attacking the cat. "GET AWAY FROM THEM!" Mossyfur hissed.

Icepaw and Coalpaw watched as Lilypaw's mother and the other cat went into a large battle, hissing and clawing at each other. Suddenly, the cat traced his claws against Mossyfur's throat, and the she-cat fell over, dead.

Icepaw looked down, and she heard a sharp cry from Coalpaw. But it ended only a moment later as Coalpaw carried her through fighting cats, dodging some DarkClan warriors as they headed over towards Rainstar.

Icepaw's wounds hurt badly. Surely she would be dead soon.

As Coalpaw pulled her, she saw many cats of her clan dead. There was Redfoot, and Weedpaw, and there was Cloudshadow, Icepaw's only family left...

She felt run a little faster. The battle was almost over, and IceClan was losing. Coalpaw and Icepaw were going to die soon, for they were one of the few cats alive.

Coalpaw ran to Rainstar. The gray tabby tom was dying, his pelt soaked in blood. He breathed heavily, as if he could not take in even oxygen.

"Please Rainstar. We are the only survivors. Give us our warrior names!" Coalpaw pleaded.

Rainstar looked at them, his eyes getting duller each moment. It seemed a struggle for him to just stay awake.

"I do not have enough life left to do the entire ceremony. Coalpaw you are Coalfur and Icepaw you are Iceblossom in memory of Blossomk-" His last words were soft, unable to be heard. He hung his head down and died, losing his last life.

Coalfur looked at Iceblossom. "Let's go!"

Iceblossom staggered. "The herbs," she whispered, about to fall over.

Coalfur gasped, realizing he had to grab the herbs that Weedtail had gotten. They would die if he didn't.

He ran, dodging cats, leaving Iceblossom on the battle ground. He grabbed the herbs and allowed Iceblossom to climb onto his back. He ran off into the woods, carrying both the herbs and the cat he loved.

"Coalfur! Wait! What about the others?!" Iceblossom yowled.

Coalfur stared at her. "Iceblossom we can't go back! We'll be killed. StarClan will accept their bravery."

They ran and ran until the moon and stars shone. Iceblossom finally

laid down in a meadow in tears. Coalfur attended to her wounds, making Iceblossom feel better, the pain easing. Her emotional pain only soared. "The whole clan is gone!" she screamed.

Coalfur layed beside her. "We all knew this day would come. DarkClan will probably take over all the clans, now that he's conquered one." He sighed. "Emberpaw is dead."

Iceblossom stared at him. "I think my father is the only one still alive..."

Coalfur stared at her. "Whitewhisker is dead."

Iceblossom gasped. "Oh I forgot!" she began pacing back and forth. "Coalfur this won't be easy to say, but I'm half-kittypet. My mother fell in love with a kittypet after Whitewhisker died."

Coalfur stared at her. "But you're such an amazing warrior! It doesn't matter!"

Iceblossom stared at him. "I guess you're right." She smiled, nudging against the dark tom. She loved him so much.

Chapter 14

Blossom waited nervously by the pond, pacing around quickly. She did not know if the tom would ever show up, and negative thoughts spread through her. What if he's dead? What if he won't come?

Suddenly, a bright orange figure came into view, running to her.

"Emberpaw!" she exclaimed, happiness surging through her.

Emberpaw stopped, catching his breath. "The clan-huff-is gone. They-huff-think I'm-huff-dead."

Blossom ran to the tom. "Oh, Emberpaw, I'm just glad you're okay," she purred, licking him. It was obvious she was madly in love with him, and seeing him alive made her even more lovesick.

Emberpaw stared at her blankly. "I never received my warrior name," he sighed, glancing down at his paws. "I think Coalpaw and Icepaw ran off, though Icepaw looked like she had deadly wounds."

Blossom sighed. Her sister was probably dead by now, but she held her gaze with Emberpaw.

"Blossom, would you give me my warrior name?" he asked.

Blossom nodded slowly. She still thought of Icepaw and Coalpaw though, and how they most likely not escape. It was a horrible thing, but she was with Emberpaw now, and that's all that mattered.

Remembering the old ceremony as she once saw, she began to say, "Emberpaw, from this day forward, you shall be known as..." She paused, thinking of what his name would be. "Embertail!"

Embertail smiled. "Thank you, Blossom," he spoke. He licked her cheek, his green eyes gleaming. "But you're still a kittypet. Is there anywhere I can hide? And can you meet me everyday?"

"Everyday?!" Blossom exclaimed. She had no idea how she could possibly meet him everyday, but then she stopped. "There-there is the old, abandoned twoleg house."

"Perfect," Embertail spoke, beginning to walk with her through the forest. They walked in silence, for they had to be sure no DarkClan warrior would catch them. The battle was surely over, but still, DarkClan could still be spread out around the forest.

They walked by Blossom's home, and Blossom kept her gaze down, hoping Snickerdoodle would not notice her walking with Embertail. Snickerdoodle was not sitting on his fence though, and Blossom sighed in relief as she padded past her house, walking towards the end of the street.

She watched as the old house came into view. The paint was chipped and peeling, the wood burnt and dry. The windows were shattered, the roof falling apart. "It was burned many moons ago," Blossom said, turning to Embertail. "It is your home now."

Embertail smiled, licking Blossom's cheek. "Visit me each day when the sun first starts to rise."

Blossom nodded slowly, beginning to pad off. "I'll try," she spoke, padding away.

A few weeks had passed since Embertail had taken shelter in the abandoned house, and Blossom's stomach had grown, and she knew her kits would come soon. She had managed to meet Embertail at sunrise every day, but this day she couldn't.

Snickerdoodle and Sammy had instructed her to stay inside, knowing her kits would arrive any day. As much as she wanted to visit Embertail, she knew she had to listen to her father and "mate." The last thing she wanted were her kits getting injured.

She sat in her nest, groaning. Something felt...different today. She had gotten used to the feel of her stomach now, but today, her belly ached. Suddenly, a large shard of pain flew through her. She yowled. Her kits were coming!

She looked, seeing Snickerdoodle and Sammy outside. At the sound of her yowl, they both ran inside, running to Blossom's side. The twolegs came fast to Blossom's aid, getting some towels to prepare for the newborn kits.

Snickerdoodle and Sammy stood from a side, watching as the twolegs took care of Blossom as she gave birth. Awhile passed, and Blossom gave birth to one kit.

"She's beautiful," Snickerdoodle breathed.

Blossom nodded. She had given birth to a lone she-cat, and it was the most beautiful kit Blossom had ever seen. She was a calico she-cat. Her only kit.

The twolegs looked at the kit, giving her the name of "Tulip". Though Blossom would have rather name her kit, she liked the name the twolegs gave her.

Snickerdoodle licked Tulip, nuzzling Blossom. "She's beautiful, but as not beautiful as you," he purred.

Guilt filled Blossom. She no longer loved Snickerdoodle, and she felt horrible that he thought Tulip was his kit. "T-Thanks," she stammered.

That night, Blossom slept in her nest, Tulip curled up beside her. She held Tulip close to her heart, whispering, "Mommy loves you."

She hoped Embertail wasn't worrying. Surely he knew that she was close to giving birth and that's why she hadn't come earlier. It didn't matter though. She would visit the next day with the kit. It would go just as she planned.

The next day she slept soundly, dreaming of Embertail. His green eyes, his ginger pelt, his lovely mew. A mew from her kit suddenly woke her up. Tulip had opened her eyes already. They were a deep blue, almost like Sammy's.

A suddenly yowl from one of her twolegs startled her. They were looking over Sammy who lay in his bed. What were they yowling about? He was just resting.

Blossom slowly left Tulip in her bed, the kit mewling for her mother. Blossom ignored her kit's calls, curiously creeping over her father. "Sammy," she spoke, nudging him. The tom was limp, and his body...ice cold. He was dead. His cold body pierced her pelt, and she stood aside, scared to see her father's body.

Blossom held back the tears. She did not want to cry in front of her kit. Her father, her only family member left...dead. Of course, there was still a spark of hope that Icepaw was alive, but it was a tiny spark, one that would soon die out.

A sudden sound coming from the cat door made Blossom spin around. She turned, seeing Snickerdoodle. Her twolegs welcomed him in always, so he could basically enter the home whenever he wanted.

Snickerdoodle gasped, realizing by Blossom's watery eyes and the twoleg's yowls that Sammy was dead. He ran to her, nudging against her. "It's okay, it's okay," he whispered, attempting to comfort her. For once, Blossom felt that same connection she had felt to Snickerdoodle before. She felt like she loved him again.

Chapter 15

Iceblossom yawned as she awoke. Coalfur slept sound asleep beside her, his warm pelt keeping her warm.

It had been one moon since the two had run away together. Her wounds had fully recovered by now, allowing her to be in better shape. After long days and nights of searching, they had found a cave near a beautiful waterfall that flowed into a river. Prey entered their territory willingly, providing them with endless food.

"Good morning," Coalfur slowly said. He rose to his feet, stretching.

Iceblossom gave him a gentle lick. "Good morning," she replied. She stood nervously, not sure what to say. She had been keeping a secret from Coalfur for awhile, and today, she had decided to tell him.

"Is everything alright?" Coalfur asked, seeing Iceblossom deep in thought.

Iceblossom nodded. "Coalfur," she spoke, hesitating for a moment. "I'm expecting kits..."

Coalfur's eyes widened. "Oh, Iceblossom, that's wonderful!" he exclaimed, nuzzling her. Iceblossom smiled and rubbed against him, glad he was happy to be a father.

"I'll hunt. Get some more rest," Coalfur instructed.

Iceblossom nodded, laying down. She was glad to be expecting kits, but horror filled her at the same time. What if she raised them like her mother had raised her? What if she couldn't protect them? She stopped her thoughts, deciding to rest.

Iceblossom closed her eyes, slowly falling asleep. She dreamt she was in StarClan in a vast meadow. A butterfly flew through the air, landing on a bright pink flower. The golden grass swayed in the soft

wind, and Iceblossom smiled. Seeing something out of the corner of her eye, she turned, seeing a white figure come closer.

"Iceblossom. Listen to me," the cat urged.

Iceblossom recognized that voice anywhere. "Mother?"

Stonecloud gazed at her. A smile was not lit on her face, but instead, she held a serious face. "Having a mate and raising kits is not the life for you. Do you not remember what you were told? You must rebuild IceClan. Leave Coalfur and your kits. Be a leader. It is your job, Iceblossom. It's what StarClan has chosen you to do..."

Iceblossom growled. "Why should I listen to you?!" she hissed. "You did nothing but hate me all your life!"

"I apologize again, Iceblossom," Stonecloud sighed. "What more do you want? Perhaps it would be best if I show you what will happen if you continue down this path..."

Before Iceblossom could reply, she was transported to a dark part of the forest. Iceblossom gasped, seeing a vision take place in front of her. It was herself, chasing a young kit. She screamed for the young kit to return.

A fox grabbed the kit, and the kit erupted in screams. Iceblossom watched as she saw herself attacking the fox, the fox turning towards her. Iceblossom suddenly did not see herself in the vision anymore, but she gasped, realizing she was now part of the vision.

The fox growled at her, making Iceblossom erupt in a scream. Her kit yowled back, screaming for its mother. "Help!' it squealed.

Iceblossom woke up, panting. Her heart beat loudly against her chest, and she shook in fear. It would never happen though. Stonecloud was telling nothing but lies to scare Iceblossom.

Coalfur padded in the den, turning towards Iceblossom. "Hey," he said.

Iceblossom shook. "H-Hi," she said, her legs wobbling as she stood up.

Coalfur stared at her. "Are you okay?" he asked. Before she could reply, she lost consciousness, falling onto her mate.

Iceblossom awoke in StarClan once more. Before she could say anything, visions filled her mind. It was her being leader, her leaving her kits and Coalfur behind. She shut her eyes tight, trying to block out all these fake memories.

Spotting her mother in the distance, Iceblossom growled. Her mother had gone too far this time. She let out a yowl and sprung at Stonecloud, knocking her to the ground.

"I AM TRYING TO HELP YOU!' her mother hissed, throwing Iceblossom against a tree.

Iceblossom yowled in pain as she hit the tree, struggling to get up. Her mother stared at her with caring eyes.

"Oh, Iceblossom," her mother began. "I never meant to--"

Iceblossom cut the she-cat off. "Coalfur is the only one who ever payed attention to me and listened to me! You're nothing to me anymore!" she hissed.

Iceblossom opened her eyes, gazing up into Coalfur's.

"Iceblossom, are you okay?" Coalfur asked in fear. "You collapsed on me."

Iceblossom groaned, sore from where she had hit the tree. She got up, letting out a small nod. "Just a dream from StarClan, that's all," she murmured.

She left to go hunting, leaving Coalfur in the den speechless.

Chapter 16

Blossom crept nervously to the old twoleg house. She hadn't visited Embertail in two weeks with the pain and shock of the death of Sammy, plus the struggle of being a mother. Blossom walked with Tulip though, wanting to show the kit her mother.

Tulip ran up ahead, her calico pelt gleaming in the sun. "Momma, where are we going?" she asked. Blossom found Tulip adventurous, just like herself. She seemed the most interested in the stories of IceClan and the clans.

"We're going to see your father," Blossom announced.

Tulip tilted her head. "But Snickerdoodle is back at home."

Blossom stopped in her tracks, remembering the same conversation with her mother. Was this how it felt? Lying to your own kit? Raising your kits to make them think another cat was their father?

"Come over to the bush, Tulip," Blossom said, padding to a nearby bush. She crawled inside, Tulip following after her. "You must never *ever* speak of this to any cat, especially Snickerdoodle," Blossom spoke. Tulip nodded, though Blossom did not trust her.

"Snickerdoodle is not your father. Embertail is. He was a clan cat, but once IceClan was destroyed, he moved to an old twoleg house."

"A CLAN CAT IS OUR FATHER!" Tulip exclaimed.

"Hush!' Blossom hissed. Tulip shrank back, no more words coming out of her mouth. "Yes. Now be quiet, and don't say a word or else I'll throw you in the forest," she joked.

Tulip said nothing more, continuing to walk with Blossom on the path. Soon, the house came into sight. The paint was chipped, the walls were charred. Broken windows and broken pieces of wood were present. Dust surrounded the ground.

Before Blossom could explain anything, Embertail rushed out of the house, greeting his mate and kit. "Blossom, how long it's been! I was so worried. I was going to come visit you," he turned, spotting Tulip. "And this is your kit?"

"This is *our* kit," Blossom told him.

She pointed to Tulip. "This is Tulip," she smiled. Tulip looked up at her father and nudged against him.

Embertail's ginger pelt shined in the sunlight, almost as bright as his smile. "She's wonderful!' he said, licking the top of her head. Blossom smiled, seeing them as one big family.

Tulip was very interested in her father, beginning to ask him about being an IceClan warrior. She smiled at the two talking, a tear streaming down her eye. She wiped it before any cat could notice. She wished she could've been an IceClan warrior. She could've been a strong warrior like her "father". Her father was a kittypet, and her mother gave her away to live a soft like instead. Her sister had gotten to live the life Blossom wanted.

Blossom sighed and shuffled her paws. Tulip say goodbye, as did Blossom, and the two headed back home.

"Mommy, are you okay?" Tulip asked.

Blossom nodded, not knowing what to say. She was afraid if she spoke, she would begin to cry. She did not say anything as they headed home. Blossom climbed the fence, helping Tulip over. Snickerdoodle sat on his fence, smiling.

"How was your walk?" Snickerdoodle asked.

Blossom gave a nod, heading inside to sleep.

Chapter 17

Iceblossom let out an ear-splitting yowl. Her stomach had been growing the past few weeks, and she was fully aware that she would be giving birth to her kits soon. She gasped as a wave of pain washed over her, and Coalfur quickly gathered some moss as he waited for the kits to be born.

Time passed, and soon the first kit was born. A white and gray she-cat tumbled onto the moss, and Coalfur pushed the kit towards her mother so that she may begin to suckle.

Iceblossom let out a pleasant smile before another wave of pain washed over her. A second kit slid onto the moss. It was a jet black she-cat.

Iceblossom breathed heavily as Coalfur slid the other she-cat towards her mother. She had hoped she was done, though she knew very well there were still more kits to come. She let out a large yowl as one last kit was born. A golden-brown tom slid onto the moss, her only son.

She sighed in relief as the three kits suckled. She stared at her three beautiful kits, though she frowned at the tom. "I'm afraid for the tom," she told Coalfur. "He's small and weak."

"He'll be fine," Coalfur told her. "He's got IceClan blood running in his veins. What will you call the kits?"

Iceblossom pondered for a moment. "The white and gray she-cat will be Rosekit, and the black one will be Jetkit," she said, looking at her two daughters. She turned her gaze to Coalfur now. "You name the tom."

Coalfur smiled at his son. "How about Pebblekit?"

"Perfect," she purred, smiling at her kits. As she looked at them, she wondered how her mother had felt when she had given birth to

Iceblossom and Blossomkit. *Probably guilt,* Iceblossom thought. She shook these thoughts away as she curled up, exhausted, and she slept with her kits.

Again, Iceblossom awoke in StarClan to find her mother chanting her name. "Icestar! Icestar!" her mother yowled.

Iceblossom glared at her mother. "No, Mother! I don't care how much you bother me! I won't give up Coalfur and my kits, not for leadership."

Her mother ignored her words. "You are destined to be leader, Icestar. Coalfur and your kits will only slow you down," she hissed.

Iceblossom sighed. "But, Mother, I love my kits and my mate. How can I give them up?"

Stonecloud paused for a moment, then spoke. "Time will pass. Three kits will become two, then one, then nothing, and you will be left alone," she said quietly. Stonecloud began to fade, and Iceblossom froze.

"Mother! What does that possibly mean?!" she yowled, but her mother was long gone.

Iceblossom's eyes shot open, and she shivered, wondering what Stonecloud's message meant. Her kits wouldn't die, would they?

Iceblossom turned to look at her kits. She gasped to see Jetkit looking up at her with bright blue eyes, just like Iceblossom's. Iceblossom was about to call Coalfur over, but she stopped as Rosekit looked at her now. Her eyes were green, like Coalfur's.

Iceblossom turned her gaze to Pebblekit who continued to sleep soundly. He lazily opened his eyes, revealing a yellow color. Yellow? *What an odd eye color,* Iceblossom thought.

Her kits mewed as she stood up and stretched, and she let out a loud yawn. Seeing her kits stare up at her was beautiful, ands he knew she would not give up her kits for anything, especially leadership. She would protect her kits and give her life for them.

"Good morning," Coalfur said, licking her cheek.

Iceblossom smiled, sitting back down. Her kits' mews quieted, and she looked back up at Coalfur. "Morning."

"So I was thinking," Coalfur said, tracing his paw in the dirt. "Maybe we could train them to become warriors?"

Iceblossom nodded excitedly, looking at her kits. Her kits would become fierce warriors, just like her and Coalfur!

I know kits do not open their eyes shortly after being born. 12-year-old me writing this was ignorant. I don't need your comments to make this clear

Chapter 18

It had been exactly one moon since Blossom's kit had been born. Tulip was a fun, hyper kit and today she was exactly one moon old. Snickerdoodle had been such a great father to Tulip. She wished the guilt wouldn't hurt her as much as it had been.

Blossom did not plan on telling Snickerdoodle at anytime that she was not his mate and that Tulip was not his kit. It would only hurt him and tear apart their relationship. No, it had to be kept a secret.

Blossom was woken by up by a pair of paws pushing at her. "Momma, get up! Get up!"

Blossom's eyes fluttered. She looked up, seeing her daughter staring at her.

"It's a beautiful day out! Can I please go outside?" she begged.

Blossom smiled. Her daughter was quite adventurous. "Yes, Tulip, but be careful," she said. Tulip headed out, and Blossom quickly yelled, " And no going into the forest!"

Tulip nodded and bursted through h cat door. Blossom got off and shook off her pelt, heading to the kitchen to get a drink.

Sammy's bed was gone now. As much as Blossom was sad Sammy was dead, she still did not carry that sadness she had held the first day. But old memories of her kithood still flooded back to her. She still remembered the night Stonecloud had given her away and how angry she was at Sammy. And the truth was that she still was angry. No mate or kit could replace that fire that raged through her veins.

Embertail was doing well. She would visit him once a week, as Snickerdoodle was becoming suspicious of how she would often go on walks and how she never invited him.

After her drink of water, Blossom went outside to go check on

Tulip. As she came into the yard though, Tulip was nowhere to be found.

"Tulip? Tulip?" she called looking around.

Snickerdoodle jumped into the backyard. "Blossom, what are you doing?" he asked.

Blossom stared at him, now suddenly very worried. "I DON'T KNOW WHERE TULIP IS!" she said pacing back and forth, quickly thinking that her kit had died... What if a snake had bitten her? What if a car had hit her?

Snickerdoodle's expression changed quickly. "What happened?"

Blossom looked at him with worry. "I told Tulip she could go outside, but not into the woods." Blossom gulped. "But it seems her scent leads over the fence," she said, breathing in the whiff of the fence.

"We need to find her," Snickerdoodle said. "Quickly."

Blossom nodded. Together they jumped over the fence, running as cars swerved by fast, never stopping.

"There's no way she would have crossed this," Blossom said as they came to the other side of the road."

"She must've crossed the street somehow," Snickerdoodle said, sniffing the ground.

She turned around, spotting the forest behind her. The woods were so large, concealing everything inside. Blossom smiled, remembering how she had been thrilled to be in the forest.

"Wow, I've never been here," Snickerdoodle said, gazing at the trees.

"It's wonderful, isn't it?" Blossom asked, inhaling the fresh scents of the forest. Snickerdoodle nodded.

Blossom sniffed the ground, trying to find her daughter's scent. "I can't smell Tulip anymore. Where could she have gone?"

Snickerdoodle shrugged. "Let's split up," he suggested.

Blossom nervously spoke. "A-Alright," she said. She didn't like being in the woods alone. There was no one here to protect her this time. Blossom looked around the woods, checking inside every bush and behind every tree.

"TULIP!" she yowled. She began to come across the IceClan camp.

She looked around, realizing how empty it was. Collapsed dens were present, and old bones from prey lay scattered on the ground. Nothing inside moved. Where was IceClan? She gasped. DarkClan must've won the battle! But that meant...She shook her head, trying to think that Icepaw was still alive.

She gasped, seeing a patrol of cats coming near her. She quickly leapt into the bushes, trying not to blow her cover.

"Fireclaw, do you see anything?" a gray she-cat asked.

"I thought I smelled another cat," the ginger tom growled, a scar covering his eye. "Maybe it was my old nose," he mumbled, padding past her. The cats padded by the bush, not noticing Blossom's scent at all.

Suddenly, Blossom heard a scream. It was tiny and faint scream, but loud enough for Blossom to hear it and recognize it. It was Tulip!

She looked up, and from her bush, she could see Shadowstar holding the kit, looking as if he was going to attack her.

"NO!" Blossom screeched, racing towards the tom and her kit. Her cover didn't matter anymore. She just had to make sure her lot was safe.

"LET MY KIT GO, YOU PIECE OF FOX DUNG!" she yowled.

Chapter 19

"Mom! Mom! Can we get up?!" Rosekit was pushing against her mother, awakening her from her slumber. Iceblossom lazily opened her eyes.

She looked up, watching Coalfur carefully move Rosekit.

"Let your mother sleep Rosekit," Coalfur instructed.

Rosekit groaned, padding back to her nest.

Iceblossom's kits were a few weeks old now. Not a moon, but coming close. She was stunned that each of her kits had a different personality. Rosekit was the hyper, curious one, and also the biggest of the litter. Jetkit was the a peaceful kitten who was kind and quiet. Pebblekit was shy, yet playful. He and Rosekit would play all day if they wanted to.

Iceblossom yawned and got up, stretching her legs.

"Are you sure you don't want to rest some more?" Coalfur asked, resting his tail on her shoulder.

She appreciated Coalfur's concern, but she shook her head. "No, it's fine. I'm awake already."

Rosekit jumped up and down in excitement. "Finally!" she exclaimed. Iceblossom smiled at her young kit, though inside she thought of the awful nightmares she had been having the night prior. Her dreams had continued, and it was beginning to scare her. Each night Stonecloud would show her even more vivid and haunting dreams, and Iceblossom was beginning to become more and more protective of her kits.

Coalfur licked his mate's cheek, making Iceblossom's thoughts vanish. "Our kits are growing," he smiled.

Iceblossom nodded, wishing they could stay small and young. She

knew they'd be great warriors. They were, of course, the last IceClan warriors.

Pebblekit slowly got to his feet, and immediately, he began to tumble around with Rosekit outside.

"Jetkit," Iceblossom whispered to her kit, lightly shoving the black she-cat. Jetkit opened her eyes slowly and yawned.

"Good morning mother," Jetkit said, a smile on her face.

Iceblossom smiled and shooed her kit outside to play with her siblings. Jetkit never seemed to enjoy the games her siblings played. She would rather try to pounce on butterflies and sniff flowers. As much as Iceblossom adored it, she wondered why Jetkit didn't act like a real kit.

Iceblossom walked outside with Coalfur, the sun shining up ahead. She watched as Jetkit padded to the river to get a drink, Rosekit and Pebblekit following behind her.

"Hey, Pebblekit!" Rosekit shouted.

Pebblekit tilted his head. "What?!" he asked. Rosekit splashed water into his face. Pebblekit was shocked at first, then laughed and splashed water into Rosekit's face. Rosekit splashed the water again, and Iceblossom was about to step forward to warn the kits to be careful. She suddenly gasped as Rosekit slipped on the wet ground, tumbling into the river.

"ROSEKIT!" Iceblossom screamed, immediately racing to the water. She leapt in fearlessly, prepared to save her kit. The icy water hit her pelt hard, but she ignored it, only focusing on her kit.

"Help!" Rosekit cried as she went down the river.She thrashed around, and Iceblossom swam faster than she ever had before. Soon enough, she was mere inches away from the kit, and she held out her paw, just about grasp her mate. Suddenly, the water made a sharp turn, and she crashed into a rock, sinking under the water.

Too weak to move, she watched as the world faded from here, and everything faded.

Coalfur watched in shock as he could no longer spot his mate. "STAY HERE KITS!" he yowled.

He jumped into the water after Iceblossom and Rosekit. First, he looked around for his daughter. He knew Iceblossom could swim, so his first priority was his daughter.

"ROSEKIT!" he called. He pricked his ears, hearing a faint mew. Where were they? Suddenly he noticed his mate floating on top of the water. "Iceblossom!" he shouted.

He quickly pulled his mate out of the water, only to find her unconscious. Knowing she was safe, he went after Rosekit. As he continued down the river, he began to hear a loud noise. The waterfall! He looked up, seeing Rosekit was heading right towards it.

"NO ROSEKIT!" he called, swimming after the she-cat. She looked at him, fear in her green eyes. He grabbed her lightly, only to have her slip out of his grip. He watched as her green eyes widened, and she fell down the waterfall. Coalfur gasped, looking around. "No, my kit," he moaned. "I couldn't save you."

Chapter 20

Shadowstar laughed maliciously as he stared at Blossom. "Ah, is this your kit?" he asked, pointing to Tulip.

Blossom nodded angrily, her heart breaking as she saw fear in Tulip's eyes.

"Well, we were just about to kill her," he laughed, unsheathing his claws. He turned to a few clanmates, and they edged forward towards Blossom. "But we don't mind killing two cats," he laughed.

"First you destroy IceClan, and now you destroy my family?!" Blossom hissed, unsheathing her claws.

Shadowstar froze, tilting his head. "IceClan? I was positive we killed out that clan breed," he growled, looking over at his deputy in rage.

"I used to live there!" Blossom hissed. "I left to become a kittypet before you attacked. Where are the other clans?!" she demanded. "This forest is as empty as your heart!" she spat.

Shadowstar growled. "I don't like your attitude," he said, drawing towards Blossom. His tail hung around her body as she slipped by her. "After we took over IceClan and claimed their territory, we took over the rest of the clans, killing them too. This forest belongs to DarkClan now!" he hissed. "And now, my dear," he said, tracing a claw across Blossom's throat. "It is time to kill you, IceClan cat, and your pesky kit."

Blossom lunged at Shadowstar, clawing his pelt. Shadowstar was a trained warrior though, unlike Blossom, and he threw her off, clawing at her ear. Blossom gasped as a chip of her ear came off, and she growled, lunging at Shadowstar again.

Shadowstar pushed her off once again, striking Tulip with his sharp claws. Blossom's eyes widened as her kit yowled in pain, falling to the ground. Furious, Blossom got ahold of Shadowstar, clawing his

face. A long scratch went down his face. Surely it would leave a scar. Suddenly, he bit Blossom's neck. She fell to the floor, badly injured.

Shadowstar approached, laughing as he prepared to kill her. Blossom winced, knowing this was the end. At least she and her kit would be together. She could see Stonecloud again, Sammy maybe. She closed her eyes, about to prepare for death, when she saw two ginger figures race into camp. Snickerdoodle and Embertail.

Snickerdoodle ran to Blossom, helping her up. "I met this cat named Embertail," he said, pointing to Blossom's secret mate. "He heard I was looking for my kit and decided to help."

Blossom nodded weakly, though guilt filled her. She knew she couldn't think about guilt in this state, and she only hoped the secret would stay safe.

Snickerdoodle rushed to Tulip's side. "Tulip," he whispered. She let out a small mew.

A DarkClan cat approached Snickerdoodle from behind. Blossom opened her mouth to call out, but it was too late. The cat struck at Snickerdoodle, and he turned, biting down on the cat's ear. Ignoring Snickerdoodle, the cat struck at Tulip. She fell to the ground, blood flooding around her.

"NO!" Blossom screeched.

Snickerdoodle threw the cat into a den wall, hissing. He rushed to to Tulip's side, sighing. As he looked up, Blossom noticed the tears in his eyes. "She's dead," he groaned. Blossom felt her heart break as she saw the broken body of her dead kit. She let out a fierce cry, falling to the ground.

She watched as Embertail rushed to the medicine cat den, Shadowstar following close behind. He threw some cobwebs at Snickerdoodle, shouting, "Put these on Blossom's wounds!" Snickerdoodle nodded, placing cobwebs on her wounds.

It was as if Blossom was in a trance though. She barely felt the

physical pain. All she felt was the emotional pain as she stared at her dead kit. Bile rose in her throat, and she vomited on the floor, feeling sick to her stomach.

She had no idea what was going on. Her two mates were working together? She was alive? She stood their in shock, watching as Shadowstar lunged at Embertail.

Blossom gasped, watching as the two embarked in a large fight. "I THOUGHT I KILLED YOU DURING THE BATTLE, ICECLAN TOM!" Shadowstar hissed.

"NOT ALL ICECLAN CATS ARE DEAD!" he spat.

Blossom froze. Did he mean himself and Blossom, or was Icepaw still alive? She didn't have time to ask as Shadowstar streaked his claws against Embertail's throat.

"NO!" Blossom screeched again. Embertail's eyes went blank, and he fell to the floor. Shadowstar laughed maliciously. "ANOTHER ICECLAN CAT DEAD!" he spat.

Snickerdoodle hissed, and Blossom broke free from his grip, limping to Embertail's side. Too much in pain to realize what she was saying, she yowled, "EMBERTAIL! TULIP! MY MATE AND KIT ARE GONE!" she yowled. Snickerdoodle froze, glaring at her.

"I-I'm not your mate?" he asked.

Blossom froze, realizing she had just blown her secret. "Snickerdoodle, I--" She was cut off by his words.

"EMBERTAIL WAS YOUR MATE ALL ALONG?! TULIP WAS *HIS* KIT?! WHY DID I EVEN HELP YOU AFTER ALL THE LIES YOU'VE TOLD ME!" he spat, running off. She closed her eyes, wondering if she should just give up now and let the DarkClan cats kill her. No, it couldn't end this way.

She got up, racing out of the camp. Her wounds ached, but she had to escape. She raced far into the forest, slowly climbing up a tree. She stayed there for awhile, sobbing hysterically. Her kit was gone, and the two cats she loved as well. What had happened in those

short minutes?

Chapter 21

Iceblossom lazily opened her eyes, coughing up water. Her vision was blurry, and as it focused, she realized she was near the river. She shivered, wet. Coalfur sat beside her with Jetkit and Pebblekit.

"Coalfur, where is Rosekit?" she asked, worried.

Coalfur sighed. Iceblossom froze. No, no her kit had to be alive!

"She fell down the waterfall," he told her. "I'm sorry, Iceblossom."

"WE NEED TO FIND HER!" Iceblossom screeched, standing up. She shook water off her pelt, beginning to race off.

"IT'S NO USE, ICEBLOSSOM!" Coalfur yowled as she raced down the hill, making her way to the bottom of the waterfall. As she came down to the small pool, she raced into the water, the cold racing through her veins. The current rushed against her, and she looked around.

"ROSEKIT!" she yowled.

She froze, seeing a small white and gray tumble of fur lying on a wet rock. She raced towards the little kit, tears streaming down her face. As she came to her kit, Rosekit remained motionless.

"NO!' she screeched, pushing the she-cat. "ROSEKIT, WAKE UP!" she yowled. The kit's eyes still did not open, and Iceblossom sighed. She was about to turn away when she heard a faint mew come from the she-cat's mouth.

"ROSEKIT!" Iceblossom exclaimed, licking the kit. The she-cat slowly opened her green eyes, coughing up water.

"Mommy?" she asked weakly.

"It's all right," Iceblossom told her. "You're safe now," she said, picking up the she-cat. She raced back up the hill, holding Rosekit

by the scruff.

"ROSEKIT!" Pebblekit and Coalfur exclaimed, running to Iceblossom. Jetkit raced behind them, relief in her eyes.

"Is she alive?" Jetkit asked.

Iceblossom nodded. "She's hurt, but she's alive. Somehow she survived the waterfall," she exclaimed. She set Rosekit on a nest in the cave, allowing her to dry off. Coalfur and the kits went off to pick herbs to help her heal, leaving her alone in the den.

Almost losing Rosekit seemed to remind Iceblossom of Blossomkit somehow. Maybe Blossomkit wasn't dead. Maybe she had run off, maybe she was still alive. Iceblossom sighed, knowing it was a small chance that her sister did survive.

As Rosekit rested, Iceblossom decided to sleep. As she did, she was not surprised to awake in StarClan once again.

"Become a leader, Iceblossom!" her mother hissed.

"NO!" Iceblossom growled, unsheathing her claws.

Her mother growled at her. Suddenly, a large light flashed, blinding Iceblossom. As her vision became clear again, she was standing on a rock, cats chanting at her. Iceblossom looked down, seeing cats, no clanmates, cheering loudly for her. She was leader! Iceblossom let out a small smile, liking the feeling. She stopped though, knowing her family was more important.

"Thank you, Mother, but my mind hasn't changed," Iceblossom said.

Everything faded, leaving her in the woods with Stonecloud again. Her mother eyed her, then spoke. "Why did Rosekit fall down the waterfall today? It was a sign from StarClan!" her mother spat. "And there will be more!"

Iceblossom shook her head, waking suddenly in her nest. She froze, remembering how great it felt to stand on that rock. What if her mother was right? What if it was a sign from StarClan? She liked the feeling of being leader, but she didn't want to give up her mate

and kits. Besides, she was practically leader. She and Coalfur were training their kits to become warriors!

She sighed, wondering why her mother was torturing her like this.

Chapter 22

Moons had passed, and Iceblossom's kits were doing well. Rosekit had recovered fully, and now her kits were beginning to train as apprentices.

Rosepaw was certainly the strongest. She could pin Jetpaw and Pebblepaw down in a heartbeat.

Jetpaw seemed to have the most stealth though. Her paws were silent, allowing her to become a great hunter.

Pebblepaw was the best at climbing. When Rosepaw stumbled over and the squirrel she was trying to catch raced up a tree, Pebblepaw raced up the tree, killing the squirrel.

Though Iceblossom's kits were doing well, she certainly wasn't. Her dreams were progressively getting worse. She wouldn't be able to sleep at night with all the dreams. It wasn't so much the idea that she was afraid anymore. She liked being leader in her dreams. She was only afraid that she would fall back asleep and take her mother's words into action when she awoke.

"Why don't you rest today?" Coalfur said, resting his tail on his mate's shoulder. "You've been awfully tired lately," he said, padding off with the apprentices.

Iceblossom sighed, not wanting to sleep. She had barely slept the night before, not wanting her mother to convince her to be leader. But her eyelids became droopier, and she felt herself falling asleep. *Must stay awake,* she thought. She had been saying this to herself for awhile now, but soon, her legs felt heavy, and she caught herself falling asleep.

When she opened her eyes, she was there again, standing on that same rock. Without even thinking, she yowled, "Hello! Hello! Your fearless leader, Icestar, is back!" she yowled. Cats cheered and yowled, and Iceblossom grinned.

Stonecloud had turned her dreams into a bit of a simulation now. It was as if she really were leader, and she would return to her clan each night she slept.

"Icestar!" one of the cats yowled, padding up to her. "A fox was spotted on patrol. Would you like me and some other cats to drive it out?" the she-cat asked. Her light ginger fur glowed brightly in the sunlight.

"Why don't I come with you?" Iceblossom asked. She padded next to the she-cat, realizing she didn't even know the she-cat's name. She knew her deputy, Gingerclaw, and her medicine cat, Sparrowtail, but that was it.

"There it is!" the she-cat yowled.

The fox stood near a tree, growling. He snarled at Iceblossom, and she immediately, yowled, leaping onto its back. She clawed at the fox's pelt, and the ginger she-cat joined in with Iceblossom, clawing at the fox too. Iceblossom smiled, thinking she was winning, when a yowl came from another cat.

"Sandpelt!"

She looked at ginger she-cat, gasping. She laid on the ground, hurt, a long gash down her side. Now she knew the she-cat's name. It was Sandpelt.

"I-I'll save you, Sandpelt!" she cried out, grabbing the she-cat. The fox followed, but Iceblossom kept running, carrying the injured she-cat. She froze at a cliff, looking at the fallen tree that laid across, creating a bridge.

Iceblossom slowly walked across the tree, hoping the fox did not follow. The fox looked confused and paused, and Iceblossom sighed in relief. They were safe. Suddenly, the fox leapt onto the tree, causing Iceblossom to shriek. The tree began to tilt, and Iceblossom knew she couldn't walk anymore. Sighing, she closed her eyes and leapt, landing on the ground. The tree continued to shake, and it fell, the fox falling with it.

She sighed in relief, spotting camp on the other side. That was stange. She could've sworn it was on the other side of the forest.

As soon as she stepped into camp, cats begin to applaud her. "You saved Sandpelt's life!" they yowled. Iceblossom let out a weak smile, hearing the famililar chant. "Icestar! Icestar!"

Iceblossom opened her eyes, awaking back in the den. It was all a dream. It hadn't been real. She was still confused why Stonecloud kept making her having dreams of running a camp. She sighed, smiling that she had made a new friend in her dreams today.

She got up, shaking moss off her pelt. Coalfur padding into the den, smiling. "You look well rested," he said.

Iceblossom smiled and nodded weakly. She was well-rested, and she had made her decision. She was going to be leader. That was the right choice.

Chapter 23

Hi all! I've been getting a lot of comments about how it is not true that Iceblossom can't have any kits or a mate as leader. While the mate part is incorrect, I will say that the canon examples you are mentioning (such as Leafstar) did not exist when I wrote this novel. I wrote this novel around the time that Omen of the Stars finished. The only examples of female leaders (like Bluestar) had to give up their kits or not have kits in order to pursue leadership. This was how the novel was meant to go. Iceblossom was not going to bring her kits or mates with her regardless because in present-time (when Icestar is leader) she did not have mates or kits with her in her clan. Therefore, you don't need to comment all these facts for me when I already have heard the same spiel a million times

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Iceblossom approached Coalfur cautiously. One wrong move, and it was over. Everything she had dreamed of would be over.

"Coalfur," she said. The tom turned away from watching the kits practicing their fighting skills. "Could you come here for a second?" she asked.

Coalfur nodded and padded over to the side with her.

"I have to tell you something," Iceblossom murmured.

Coalfur's eyes lit up. "You're expecting kits?" he asked.

Iceblossom let out a mrrowl of laughter. It was probably the last laugh she would ever make. "No," she said. She paused, then spoke. "Stonecloud has been coming to me in my dreams lately. I've actually ben having a lot of dreams lately. Coalfur, I want to be leader of my own clan. Rainstar told me I was the one who would bring IceClan back," she told him.

Coalfur's smile faded and was replaced by shock and anger. "What

do you mean?! I thought you liked living out here, being with your kits and me! If you became leader, you wouldn't be able to spend as much time with us! Rainstar was old and insane when he told you that. He didn't mean it literally."

Iceblossom sighed, tears forming in her eyes. "Coalfur, I'm sorry. This is my decision. Look, Coalfur, as a leader, you know I can't have a mate or kits. No one could even know my past. I-I can't be your mate anymore, I can't raise the kits anymore. I love you so much, Coalfur, and I love our kits too, but this just won't work anymore. Stonecloud and Rainstar were right. This is my destiny."

Coalfur looked hurt, unsheathing his claws. He sunk them into the dirt, yowling, "You're choosing *this* over me?! You're choosing this over your family?!" he yowled. Tears streamed down his face.

It was as if all of Iceblossom's memories had come back at once. She remembered when he had told her Lilypaw would be fine, she remembered when he had comforted her, when he had declared his love for her.

"Look, Coalfur. I don't want to choose anything over you. Some decisions are hard to make, but this is my destiny," she sighed. "Please, don't make this harder than it is. I was always meant to lead."

Rosepaw stumbled out from behind a bush, tears in her eyes. "You're leaving us?" she whimpered. Jetpaw and Pebblepaw stood by her too. Obviously they had been eavesdropping the whole conversation.

"I don't want to leave you, my kits," she said sadly. "But sometimes we may see an opportunity as a good thing, while another sees it as a bad thing."

Coalfur looked at Iceblossom in rage. "You don't love me anymore, do you?!" he yowled. "That's what this is all about! I still love you, Iceblossom!" he cried out.

"Coalfur, stop it," Iceblossom demanded. "You know I love you," she said, stroking her tail against his pelt. His eyes flashed with anger

though, and he ran off. Iceblossom froze, knowing it had not gone well. "Kits, follow me!" she instructed, beginning to run off after her mate.

She found Coalfur at the edge of the waterfall, leaning over.

"Coalfur, don't do it. Don't you dare do it," Iceblossom said, her voice quivering.

He looked at her, sadness shining in his eyes. "I have to. It's the only way to show you that I love you," he murmured, tears streaming down his face.

Before Iceblossom could say anything else, he leapt off, his black body fading into the water. "COALFUR!" she screeched. Her kits mewed for their father, and she felt her heart breaking.

"Stay here," Iceblossom told the kits, padding down to the bottom. The water became shallow, and the current wasn't as strong. She spotted Coalfur's body floating in the water, and she groaned.

"Coalfur!" she yelled, dragging him out. He laid there, coughing up some water.

"I love you," he whispered.

"Oh, Coalfur," Iceblossom cried. "I love you too. Why-why did you do this? You always knew that I loved you. Why did you jump?"

But Coalfur did not speak another word. His eyes were unseeing, and he did not move. He was dead.Her entire family, her entire life-dead. That's all her life was! Dead!

"NO!" she screeched, tears flowing down her face. She watched as his body flowed away, and sge padded back up, racing to her kits.

"I'm so sorry," she whispered, sitting near her kits. Together, she cried with her family.

She had lost everyone she loved. She had to make sure her kits survived.

Chapter 24

Blossom had not come outside in moons. Her whole life had been ruined ever since Tulip's death. Ever since that horrible day, she had grown depressed and weak, just like her father. This was much worse though than just losing a mate. No, Blossom had lost three cats near to her.

One day, the twolegs shooed her outside. She groaned as she felt cool air brush against her fluffy pelt. It felt the same way it had the last time she had been outside. She shook her head, trying not to think of that day anymore.

She looked up, spotting Snickerdoodle sitting on his fence. She barely recognized the tom! HIs fur was ratty, his eyes bloodshot, and his tail, stiff.

"Sn-Snickerdoodle?" Blossom asked.

"Oh, sorry to interrupt your mourning," he mumbled, turning away.

"Snickerdoodle, wait! Come back! Please," she begged. "You don't know how much this hurts," she mewed, leaping onto the fence.

"Hurts? HURTS?!" he yowled. "You had a secret mate! You never loved me! Do you know how I feel everyday?! Do you?!" he screeched. Blossom had never seen him this angry before.

"No, I don't," she honestly told him. "Embertail was my old love. I met him again and well, it just sort of happened. But I've always loved you too, Snickerdoodle, and I still do," she whimpered.

"What a pathetic liar," he growled, padding into his house.

"No, please! Snickerdoodle!" she yowled. No one emerged from the house again. Blossom sighed, leaping back into her backyard. It seemed nothing would ever change.

Her sister was most likely dead, she had no family, and no one

cared anymore. The only thing she knew about herself was that she was a kittypet, a kittypet who used to be a warrior, but was given away. A kittypet who still wished she were a warrior.

Blossom sighed, padding back inside the house where she was fed. She really wanted to make amends with Snickerdoodle, but she knew it would not happen.

Sighing, she laid down and slept. Her memories began to mix with her dreams, and she dreamt of her mother, her licks soothing Blossom as she played. She dreamt of Sammy, his humor that kept her laughing. She remembered Embertail, the flame that burst in her heart, who had kept her from dying. She dreamt of Tulip, her only kit, laughing and playing.

But the last thing she dreamt startled her. She dreamt of Icepaw, though this Icepaw was much older with a black tom who resembled Coalpaw. Was it Coalpaw? Beside her were three kits, and they laughed and played. Were Icepaw and Coalpaw mates? Were these their kits? Or was this all fake?

Blossom woke with a startle, watching rain pour down outside.

"Icepaw isn't alive," she told herself. "I'm just having weird dreams, that's all." No matter how hard she tried to believe that Icepaw was dead, a small flicker of hope spread through her.

Her sister might be alive!

Chapter 25

"Where are we going?" Jetpaw asked her mother as they walked deep into the woods.

"To another clan, darling. You'll grow there and train instead. It'll almost be the same as what we do-did together," Iceblossom told her daughter. She still could not get over the loss of Coalfur, and she knew she had to get her kits to safety.

"But aren't you staying too?" Pebblepaw whimpered.

Iceblossom shook her head. "I must leave you. I-I'll probably never see you kits again," she told them.

"What?!" Rosepaw exclaimed, stopping in her tracks. "You're our mother! You just can't...abandon us! We're your kits! Why do you have to leave?"

"I'm not abandoning you," Iceblossom spat. "Haven't you three always wanted to live in a clan? A real clan? It'll be fun, I assure you."

Rosepaw sighed, not speaking again. She continued following Iceblossom and her siblings.

As the sun set, Iceblossom was relieved to arrive at the ForestClan camp. Immediately, a muscular brown tabby tom padded up to them, fury in his eyes.

"Who are you?" he growled.

"I'm Iceblossom," she replied fondly. "I only ask if my three kits may join your clan. I won't be staying."

She watched as the tom relaxed his muscles and put on a friendly face. "I'm Birchstar," he said, introducing himself. "I am always capable of inviting new cats, but if it is not rude, what clan were you from before?"

"Oh, we weren't from a clan," Iceblossom told him. "I used to be in a very small clan, but I left it. I taught my kits clan rules, duties, everything! Please let them join," she begged.

Birchstar paused for a moment. "What small clan? DarkClan?"

Iceblossom tilted her head. DarkClan wasn't small. "N-No, I was from IceClan. What about DarkClan?"

Birchstar growled. "Stupid cats, those DarkClan cats. They took over all the territories in a forest far away from here. Of course, they were stubborn, and eventually they fought for food, water, shelter, and everything else. DarkClan eventually killed themselves out. The territory is abandoned now."

"Oh, I had no idea," Iceblossom told Birchstar. "My mate and I-er, I guess I'm the only survivor from IceClan. May my kits join?"

"Very well," Birchstar said.

Iceblossom turned to their kits, her heart breaking as she saw tears in their eyes. "I'm very proud of all of you. You three have made my life wonderful, and I know you'll all be great warriors." Rosepaw let out a cry, and the three kits huddled by their mother.

"Promse you'll come back someday?" Jetpaw whimpered.

Iceblossom sighed. "I promise," she said, hesitating. She knew this was a lie though. She would never return to ForestClan. It would only hurt too much.

She watched as her kits followed Birchstar in tears. Iceblossom sighed, now left alone in the darkness. Her whole life was now gone in seconds. She sighed, finding a couple of trees to sleep under during the night. She closed her eyes, yawning as she fell asleep.

She awoke back in her clan, but this time, the cats weren't cheering. They were now in a straight line, facing their leader.

Iceblossom looked around, confused, noticing Stonecloud. She let out a smile, then spoke. "With the training you received by having your fake clan, you will no doubt make a great leader. Everyone has

come to say good-bye."

Cats came by, wishing her good luck and for a prosperous future. She watched as her deputy came, wishing her good. He smiled, then spoke. "Good-bye, Icestar. I know your clan will do well."

Her medicine cat came by, his ginger pelt barely seen in the night. "I will miss you, Icestar. You're the best leader I've ever known."

Sandpelt came by now, and Iceblossom felt tears gather in her eyes. The she-cat had been her friend in her dreams ever since she had rescued her from the fox.

"Sandpelt, I--" she began, only to be cut off.

"I will miss you, Icestar. But one day, you will see me again, and not in the way you expect," she purred, walking off.

As she did so, Stonecloud came to Icestar. "I hope you do know what to call your clan," she said.

"SnowClan," Icestar said, getting the idea as the snow slowly fell down from the sky. It would be in memory of IceClan, her home clan.

"Go to Moonpool," Stonecloud instructed. "There, you will receive your nine lives."

'Thank you, Mother," Iceblossom said. Everything faded, and Iceblossom was left alone in the darkness.

The next day, Iceblossom awokr to find a bright light glowing by some bushes. She passed through the bushes, spotting a bright pool that seemed to light up the entire area. Moonpool!

Iceblossom took a step forward, then stopped. Is this what she really wanted? She could still go back and fetch her kits, and they could live forever. "No, it's for the best," Iceblossom said. She looked up at the sky. "I hope you're right about this, Stonecloud," she said. She scooted forward, then dunked her head into the water.

She gasped as everything came into a view. She stood in a clearing,

all her family and friends sitting across from her. StarClan.

"Welcome, Iceblossom," Stonecloud said, welcoming her daughter to receive nine lives.

She watched as Whitewhisker, her 'fake' father, walked forward. She had never seen him before, but now, she saw him as large and strong. If only he were her real father. "I never knew you," he whispered. "But I always enjoyed being your 'father'," he told her. "With this life, I give you compassion. Judge as much with your heart as your mind."

She gasped, seeing all of her family and friends sitting across from her. She looked around, recognizing the place as StarClan.

A bolt of energy, fierce as lightning, seared through Iceblossom. She stiffened, feeling the pain throughout her body, but it melted into a soft warmth that filled her entire body. She was left trembling as the warmth drained from her, and she braced herself for the next one.

Redfoot, her old mentor, padded forward, smiling at the she-cat he had mentored well. She wished she could've saved him during the battle.

"With this life I give you endurance. Use it to keep going, even when you feel as though all hope and strength have left you. Have faith in your own strength," the ginger tom said as a dull pain stiffened Iceblossom's muscles.

Sammy, her true father, padded forward. She had not known of his passing, though she assumed he was dead. Iceblossom was confused about why he was in StarClan, but she wasn't going to question it. This was her father, the one she had seen only once in her life.

"With this life I give you humor," Sammy said. "Use it to lighten the burdens of your clan and to life the spirits of your clanmates when despair threatens."

Iceblossom smiled as a dazzle and flicker passed through her body, causing every hair on her body to stand on its end.

"I'm sorry that I never got to know you well," Sammy confessed. "But you will always be my daughter. I love you," he said.

"Thank you, Father," Iceblossom said, nodding as he walked away. She wondered how Sammy had died. Perhaps it was old age.

Rainstar padded forward towards Iceblossom, a smile on his face. He did not look as sick and old as before, but he looked young and healthy, something she enjoyed seeing. "With this life I give you hope. Even on the darknest night, it will be there, waiting for you."

Energy fired through Iceblossom. She raced around, feeling the forest beneath her paws, a bright light gleaming ahead, symbolizing hope.

Emberpaw padded forward, his green eyes focused on Iceblossom. Iceblossom tilted her head. confused. The tom was bigger and larger. He surely wasn't that size in battle. Maybe he hadn't died.

"I see you looking like that at me," Emberpaw smiled. "I didn't die in battle. It was a trick," he told her. "My name is Embertail."

Iceblossom smiled at the young tom. He looked at her, and in his green eyes she saw Coalfur. It was almost too painful to look at. "With this life, I give you courage. You will know how to use it," he said, his gaze warm. Iceblossom felt satisfaction shimmer throughout her body.

Iceblossom smiled as Mossyfur padded forward. Her mother's old friend still had a smile on her face, even though all of her kits were dead, never living as old as as she had.

"With this life I give you patience," the white she-cat said. "You'll need patience for your clan to grow."

Iceblossom almost went into tears as Lilypaw, her old friend, padded forward. She looked healthy and young like before, and her brown pelt still shimmered.

"Lilypaw," she gasped. "I'm so sorry that greencough took you. I tried to save you," Iceblossom said, tears gathering in her eyes.

"It's all right, Iceblossom," Lilypaw said. "I'm happy here and happy for you. With this life, I give you trust. Believe in your clan and yourself. Never doubt the right path. I trust you, Iceblossom. And I trust you will do well."

Iceblossom smiled. "Thank you, dear friend. You were my only true friend."

The brown tabby she-cat smiled as she padded away, waving her tail as she left. Iceblossom wished she could stay longer. There was so much she wanted to tell her.

Iceblossom let the tears flow when Coalfur walked forward, his smile warm and comforting. "Don't cry, Iceblossom," he said, nuzzling her.

"I am crying," she sniffed. "I killed you. I didn't want you to die, Coalfur. I love you so much. I should've stopped you. I could've prevented you from dying."

"And where would that have gotten me, Iceblossom? I would be too in shock to raise our kits. I am happy here. You should be happy too," he said, his green eyes staring into hers. "With this life I give you love. Cherish your clan as you cherish your kin."

Iceblossom felt like she was being crushed by Coalfur. She fought for breath, feeling suffocated until light seemed to explode from her heart, spreading through her body and burning. It left her gasping and trembling. She watched as he walked away, and her heart surged with love.

Lastly, her mother padded forward. Her smile was friendly, inviting Iceblossom near to her.

"You have sacrificed so much," Stonecloud said, smiling at her kit. "I'm proud of you, Iceblossom. I'm sorry for all I've done to you."

"I forgive you," Iceblossom said, remembering how her mother had risked her life for her.

"With this life I give you pride, so that you may know your own worth and the worth of your clan."

Heat surged Iceblossom's pelt, until she glanced down at her body, convinced she must be on fire. It vanished with a hiss.

Stonecloud touched her nose to Iceblossom's forehead, imprinting a star which shone, then faded. "Good luck, Icestar," she said.

Icestar smiled, seeing all the ones she loved one last time. She then blacked out.

Chapter 26

Icestar's clan had begun. After moons of trying to find enough members to support the clan, she was finally successful. She looked for Sandpelt, but never saw the ginger she-cat or any cat that looked similar to her. Maybe someday in the future she would find her old friend.

She had her deputy, Applewhisker, and her medicine cat, Nightwhisker. She had a good amount of warriors, kits, and apprentices as well. She was enjoying her clan, and though it was small, she knew it would grow big. The only thing that worried her was that two of the kits were orphans, and they didn't have any queens to nurse them. Icestar hoped StarClan would send them a sign soon.

A few days passed, and no queens came. Icestar sat in her den, gasping as she heard a rustle of bushes.

"Hello?" the voice said. "I came to join," she said.

Icestar gasped as she saw a young white and gray she-cat with bright blue eyes. Three kits stood beside her, and Icestar froze.

"My kits and I would like to join your clan," the she-cat said. No, it couldn't be. Was it Rosepaw? Icestar tried to tell herself it wasn't, but those blue eyes were definitely Icestar's.

Icestar gasped as a white and gray she-cat with three kits came. "Me and my kits have come to join your clan." No it couldn't be. Was that Rosepaw?!

"Y-yes," Icestar stammered. "I am Icestar, leader of SnowClan," she said. She hoped that if it was Rosepaw, she wouldn't be able to recognize her. "And you are?" she asked.

The cat didn't seem to think of Icestar as familiar. Probably since it had been very many moons since Icestar brought them to

ForestClan. Icestar was nervous about her reply. Would she find out the truth.

"My name is Rosefur," she said. "I was a ForestClan cat, but I decided to join another clan. I hoped maybe my mother had made a clan around here, but I heard many twolegs were around the area, so she probably was killed," Rosefur said, eyeing Icestar.

Icestar couldn't believe it. Her daughter had returned! Icestar held back all her might. She was incredibly tempted to tell Rosefur the truth and to apologize. But she knew she couldn't. Her clan was the important thing now. No one could know that she and her daughter had reunited.

"And these are my kits," she said, realizing Icestar had not replied. She pointed to a white she-cat with a green and blue eye. "This is Petalkit." She then pointed to a gray tabby she-cat with green eyes. "This is Skykit," she smiled. She lastly pointed to a white tom. "And this is Cloudkit."

"Well, welcome to the clan!" Icestar exclaimed, letting out a weak smile. "I hope you don't mind, but we have a few kits who aren't being nursed. Could you perhaps nurse them?" she asked.

"Sure!" Rosefur exclaimed. "I would love to!" She padded into the nursery. She wondered what the life of her kits had been like. There was so much she wanted to ask her daughter.

"Rosefur!" she called as she padded into the nursery.

Rosefur looked up, eyeing Icestar. "Yes?" she asked.

"I always like to make friends with my clanmates. Perhaps you could tell me about your family?" she asked, hoping it wasn't too suspicious.

"Oh, well I suppose," Rosefur said, not expecting Icestar to ask about her personal life. "I actually was a rogue for my first 7 moons. Then my father died and my mother decided to build a clan. She sent me and my siblings to ForestClan," she said.

"Oh, I had no siblings," Icestar said sadly. "Tell me about your

siblings," she replied.

"Okay," Rosefur explained. "Well, I have a sister named Jetpelt," she said. "Well I had. She died of greencough after her kit Blackkit was born. Darktail, her mate, was so upset he couldn't take care of Blackkit anymore, and Blackkit left."

Icestar gasped. "We have a Blackpaw here! He just muttered something about his father and ForestClan wasn't-" she gasped. "He's Jetpelt's son!"

Rosefur smiled. "Oh, it's so great to know he is okay. I also have a brother named Pebblefoot. He has a mate named Sandnose, but they have no kits," she said.

Sandnose? Was this Sandpelt?! Icestar shook off the thought. "Do you have a mate?" she asked Rosefur.

Rosefur nodded. "Olivetail. He would have come with me, but he knew ForestClan needed him. ForestClan is a, well, failing clan. It's alright," she said. "You-you sound like my mother. Are you my mother?"

Oh no. Rosefur had discovered her secret. "StarClan, no!" Icestar said. "No, I had no mate or kits of my own."

"But your name," Rosefur pointed out.

Icestar shook her head. "Oh, no you see I was born as a rogue cat. 'Mist' they called me. I learned about the clans and soon joined a clan very far away. I was known as Mistpelt. One night I had a dream. It was snowing. I was a leader of my own clan. As I lead, a cat walked across some ice. The cat was called Iceclaw. She was a curious cat in my dream. I had other dreams about her. Anyway the ice fell out from under her and I saved her. When I became leader, I became known as Icestar in memory of her."

"Oh," Rosefur said, some suspicion in her voice.

Icestar left. She couldn't talk to Rosefur anymore. Besides, she got all the information she needed. Yet Icestar still felt bad about lying.

"Icestar," Rosefur said.

Icestar turned, gazing at her daughter. "What is it?"

Rosefur purred. "It's great to see you again, Mother."

Chapter 27

Many moons had passed, and Blossom was unsure how she had still survived through all the pain and heartache. Today would be different though. Today, she would make amends with Snickerdoodle. She had been trying, but she hadn't gotten enough courage. Today marked twenty moons since the horrible day, and she knew she had to.

The sun shone brightly over her backyard as she padded outside. It gave her hope that maybe today wouldn't be so terrible.

"Snickerdoodle," she said softly, spotting the tom on his fence. He looked better, though he was still thin.

"Oh, it's just you," he grumbled.

"Snickerdoodle, I'm sorry," she cried.

Snickerdoodle bared his teeth as he turned around to face Blossom. "What's that supposed to mean?!" he growled.

"I'm sorry I became mates with Embertail. I'm sorry that I didn't focus my love solely on you. I'm sorry Tulip was born. I'm sorry you had to live through this. I want to be mates again, Snickerdoodle. I love you," she whimpered.

"What kind of j-joke is this?" he quivered. "I know you don't love me," he spoke coldly.

"I do, Snickerdoodle! I always have! I loved you and Embertail both. Please," she wailed. She stared at him with her large blue eyes. "Please," she whispered.

Snickerdoodle climbed into her backyard, eyeing her cautiously. Suddenly, he began to jump. "Yes, yes!" he cried. "I do forgive you, and I'm sorry I've been acting this way. Mourning, that's all," he said, nuzzling her.

Blossom smiled, nuzzling her mate. It was good to have him back.

"I'm sorry I became mates with Embertail. I'm sorry I didn't love you as much. I'm sorry Tulip was born. I'm sorry you had to live through this. I want to be mates again Snickerdoodle. I love you," she said.

Three moons had passed, and Blossom and Snickerdoodle had been doing well together. Blossom padded outside one morning, calling for Snickerdoodle. It only took a moment for him to leap onto the fence.

"Oh, hello," he said, looking quite glum.

"Snickerdoodle, what's wrong?" she asked.

He sighed. "My twolegs are moving, and I won't be able to see you anymore," he sighed, looking at his paws.

Blossom gasped. "What?!" she cried out, tears gathering in her eyes. "No, this isn't fair!" she wailed. Snickerdoodle leapt down from his fence, padding to her.

"I don't want to leave either. I'll miss you," he told her.

"You don't understand. I'm expecting kits!" she wailed.

Snickerdoodle stood in awe. "What?! This means I'll never see them! Never!" he cried out, tears forming in his eyes.

"I know," Blossom sighed, nuzzling her mate. "I'll miss you too, and I'm sure our kits will be as strong as you," she told him. Snickerdoodle nodded, leaping over the fence. It would be the last time she ever saw him.

Blossom let out an ear-splitting yowl in her two-leg home. Her kits were coming! She laid in a nice nest that the twolegs had set up for her, and she prepared for a large amount of pain. She sighed, knowing this time she was all alone. She didn't have Snickerdoodle or Sammy with her this time.

Twolegs rushed to her side, and she yowled as the pain came. What was minutes felt like hours of pain for Blossom.

With the help of her twolegs, the two kits were born. They were both dark ginger toms that widely resembled Snickerdoodle. The larger tom had a pair of blue eyes, like Blossom, while the smaller tom had green eyes like his father.

Together, the twolegs named the larger tom, Fire, and the smaller one, Blaze.

"Blaze, Fire, welcome to the world," Blossom whispered, licking her kits affectionately.

Chapter 28

Fire and Blaze padded around the room, playing with each other. The two had spent their days talking about warriors and how they wished to be clan cats. Blossom smiled, laughing at her sons. Did every kit want to become a warrior? She sighed, knowing they would never become warriors. It was impossible.

So much had happened in the past few moons. Snickerdoodle had recently returned, and he was glad to meet his two sons. Blossom had been overjoyed her mate was now back. She had also noticed clan cats walking around the forest by her house. Had a new clan started?

Blossom looked at her growing kits. They were now five and a half moons old, living much longer than Tulip ever did. Blossom laid down, her stomach upset. She hadn't been feeling well the past few days, and it took her awhile to realize why.

Snickerdoodle entered the house, his kits running towards him. Blossom smiled, watching the two sons play with their father. Her twoleg owners treated Snickerdoodle like a member of the family, and Blossom was treated like a member of the family with his owners too.

"Snickerdoodle," Blossom said. Her mate turned, smiling at her.

"What is it?"

"I know I just had a litter," Blossom said, tracing a paw against the floor. "But I really am expecting another litter of kits."

Fire and Blaze froze. "Really?!" they exclaimed in unison.

Blossom nodded, smiling. She was glad that her sons would not mind more kits in the house.

"And we can all be clanmates?" Fire asked. Blossom sighed. Fire

could not let go of the idea that they would all become warriors. Blossom was beginning to worry about him. He'd talk about being a warrior day and night, and it hurt her to know it would never be possible.

"Well, no," Blossom told him. She had promised Fire as a kit they'd join a clan, but it was a lie, of course. She thought that once he grew older, he would forget about it, but she was wrong.

"You promised! You promised!" he yowled, running out the door. For days now he had been furious with his mother, and Blossom was beginning to doubt he even loved her.

"FIRE!" Blossom hissed, following him outside. The tom was gone though. He had vanished into the woods.

Blossom tumbled to the ground in tears. "No!" she wailed.

"I'll go after him," Snickerdoodle told Blossom. "You stay with Blaze, okay?"

Blossom nodded, standing by her other son while her mate went after Fire. Blossom sighed as Snickerdoodle returned later that night with no news.

Blossom sighed, letting tears fall. She had lost another kit. At least she still had Blaze and her unborn kits. Still, the pain spread through her entire body.

"Thank you," Blossom told Snickerdoodle.

"Maybe I can look," Blaze said. "I've seen the forest before. It might not be too bad," he said, leaping over the fence.

"No, you don't," Snickerdoodle hissed. Blossom raced after Blaze, stopping on the Thunderpath. Blaze retreated, heading back towards the house.

"Okay, fine, fine!" he said. Blossom turned to Snickerdoodle, sighing. She was about to open her mouth to say something when Snickerdoodle's eyes widened, and he pushed Blossom to the side. "MOVE!" he hissed.

Everything happened in a blur. Blossom was in shock as a car raced by, slamming into Snickerdoodle.

"No, NO!" she yowled, running to the body of her mate. There had to be hope. Maybe it was only a minor injury, nothing big.

A pool of blood surrounded him, and Blaze slowly approached. The tom was dead, his eyes green and unseeing. Why had he died saving her? Why did this always happen?!

Blossom broke down in tears, licking her mate's ear. "I love you," she whispered. "Thank you," she cried. Why did her family leave so early?

Blaze was now six moons old, and he had been exploring the forest. As much as Blossom appreciated that he still kept an eye out for his brother, she did not want anything to happen to Blaze. After Snickerdoodle's death, she had become less protective, but she still wanted her kits to be safe.

There had been no sign of Fire, and though her twolegs had put up posters, they had not found the tom.

The only good thing that seemed to happen was the birth of Blossom's third litter. She had given birth to two white she-cats. Rose had Blossom's blue eyes, while Violet had strange purple eyes.

"Blaze!" Blossom yowled as she watched her two daughters play. The tom had been outside for awhile, and she wanted to make sure he was okay.

"Mom, you'll never believe this!" he said, running to his mother's side. "I met this cat named Mintkit. She's a clan cat, and she taught me everything. I want to join their clan."

Blossom shook her head, remembering conversations like these with her father. "You are a house cat, and you'll always be a house cat," she told him.

Blaze sighed, sitting down.

"Yeah!" Violet teased. "A house cat! You'll be the toughest of them

all!" she teased, laughing. Rose laughed beside her.

"Girls," Blossom hissed.

Violet and Rose were not interested in the clan life. They only focused on being kittypets, something they were supposed to focus on. For some reason, Blossom found that having kits into clan life was better. It was hard to tell the girls stories when they didn't want to hear about clans.

Blossom watched as Blaze got up, padding to his bed. He laid down in it, closing his eyes.

"Sorry, Blaze," Blossom said, licking his ear. She knew Blaze hated his sisters and wanted his brother back, but there was nothing she could do.

It had been two weeks since Blaze had met Mintkit. The two had been playing a lot, and Blossom had begun to get worried. What if another clan cat tried to kill Blaze?

Don't be silly, she told herself. *He's playing with a mere kit.*

Blossom leapt onto the fence, looking out into the woods. Normally, she could see Blaze playing, but this time, she could not.

"BLAZE!" she yowled, though no response came. She sniffed the ground, not scenting him at all. "NOT AGAIN!" she spat.

Chapter 29

Icestar was glad when Foxpaw arrived. She had heard briefly that Mintpaw had met the tom, and in a matter of time, they had become great friends.

Foxpaw was a great apprentice, and a natural warrior. It was hard to believe he used to be a kittypet named Blaze. His name had been changed to Foxpaw though, and he had adapted to warrior life quiet well. He was different than most kittypets Icestar had met. He had a lot of information about warriors, of which Icestar did not know how, but she enjoyed seeing a kittypet thrive.

Foxpaw padded into Icestar's den. He usually had a smile on his face, but this time, he voice was calm and relaxed. "Icestar, may I speak to you?" he asked.

Icestar nodded, watching as the tom sat down.

"Do you have a sister?" he asked.

Icestar froze. "Yes, but how did you-" She was cut off by his mew.

"My mother constantly talked about her sister, Icepaw, though she asssumed she had died. My mother's name is Blossom, and she's a kittypet. She told me lots of stories of how her mother gave her away to her father when she was a kit," Foxpaw told her.

Icestar stood there, tears rolling down her face. It was all a trick! Blossom had never gone missing! Stonecloud had given her to Sammy! How had she not thought of that?

"Yes, that is my sister!" she nodded. "I had no idea she was alive. I have to see her! Please, let me speak to her!" she begged.

"Well, sure, I'll show you," Foxpaw told her. "But I won't stay. She's furious with me for leaving. Could you tell her I'm all right and that I'm sorry for leaving?" he asked, looking down at his paws.

Icestar felt bad for the tom, but she nodded, resting her tail on his shoulder. "Of course I will," she said, heading off to the twoleg place after receiving Foxpaw's directions.

"Hello!" Blossom called as she came near Blossom's twoleg den. "Is anyone there?!" she yowled. She watched as a white she-cat padded outside with two white kits beside her. "Blossom, is that you?!"

The she-cat jumped on her fence and froze, her two daughters jumping up beside her. "Icepaw?! Is it really you?!"

"Where have you been?!" Icestar exclaimed. "You go first," she instructed.

"Stonecloud gave me away to Sammy the day before I became an apprentice. I desperately wanted to return, but Sammy wouldn't let me. I met Snickerdoodle and we became mates. But then I saw Embertail again. We became secret mates and after the battle he left with me," she said.

"So he's alive?!" Icestar asked, quickly forgetting she had seen the ginger tom while recieving her nine lives. "Coalfur--" she stopped. "Coalfur would want to see him," she said sadly.

"Well, no. After our kit, Tulip was born- well Tulip went missing. Snickerdoodle and Embertail found her by Shadowstar. Shadowstar killed Tulip and Embertail. Snickerdoodle found out the truth and said he would never forgive me," she said. "But we forgave each other. I had Blaze and Fire. But Fire went missing and Blaze too. And what about Coalfur?"

"I'll talk about Coalfur later. Oh, and Blaze isn't missing. He's in SnowClan. His new name is Foxpaw," she explained. "He's doing quite well. You should be proud of your son."

"And Fire?' she asked. Icestar only shook her head. Blossom sighed. "Snickerdoodle moved before Blaze and Fire were born. He returned when they were about three moons old. And then I recently had Violet and Rose. But, Snickerdoodle... When Fire went missing he got hit by a monster. I don't plan to have another mate. I focus on raising my daughters now. What about you?" she asked

"Oh I'm so sorry," Icestar said. Perhaps Blossom's story was as heartbreaking as her own. "Well after the battle, Coalfur and I found a nice place. I had kits. Rosef--" she paused. She couldn't reveal their real names. "Rosepaw, Jetpaw, and Pebblepaw. I decided to be leader one day. Coalfur was badly hurt and mad at me. He jumped off the waterfall and...didn't make it. I gave Rosepaw, Jetpaw, and Pebblepaw to ForestClan and became leader."

"Oh, I guess we both haven't had a good life," Blossom laughed. Icestar smiled, though pain flooded through her. Not a day went by when she didn't think of Coalfur or her kits.

"You should join SnowClan," Icestar suggested.

"Oh, no," Blossom said. "I grew up a kittypet and plan for it to stay that way," she said.

"Suit yourself," Icestar said, padding back to SnowClan. Blossom continued to sit on the fence watching her. Icestar turned, looking at her sister one last time. Not every family member was dead...

Chapter 30

So much time had passed. At one point, Rose had disappeared, aiding a FoxClan kit, but she had returned. Blossom was glad she had.

Time had passed for Icestar as well. Icestar had experienced battle, lost her closest friend, Stonepaw, and Rosefur had passed too. Icestar was able to meet the Sandpelt she had been looking for too, though only for a short time. Smokefur, Rosefur's son from her second litter, was no deputy. Applewhisker had stepped down because she was expecting kits, and she had appointed Blacktail, Jetpelt's son, but he had passed too soon.

Blossom padded to FoxClan with her kits, smiling. "Are you sure you two will be okay?" she asked her kits.

Rose and Violet nodded. "We will miss you, Mommy," Rose said.

"We'll still see you though," Violet told her mother. "Even if we're in a different clan. FoxClan is better for us. Good-bye."

"Good-bye," Blossom told her kits, licking their foreheads. The two had lost their kittypet lifestyle after Rose met the FoxClan kit, and her two kits decided it'd be better to stay in FoxClan while Blossom left to SnowClan.

As Blossom arrived in the camp, she watched Icestar's eyes light up as she arrived.

"Welcome back, sister," Iceblossom said, resting her tail on her sister's shoulder. Together the two sisters walked through camp. Together at last after a lifetime.

THE END

Epilogue

About Icestar and Blossom's kits:

What happened to them AFTER the story ended?

ICESTAR'S KITS:

Jetpaw: Jetpaw grew up in ForestClan and fell in love with an apprentice named Darkpaw. Her warrior name was Jetpelt and Darkpaw's warrior name was Darktail. Jetpelt had one kit named Blackkit(Blacktail). Blackkit became an apprentice, but Jetpelt died of greencough and Darktail was so sad, he didn't care about Blackpaw any longer. So Blackpaw went to SnowClan and met his grandmother Icestar (Who he didn't know he was related to at the time)

Rosepaw: Rosepaw was lonely as an apprentice and was always sad. Her warrior name became Rosefur. Yet one day, a mysterious cat named Olivetail arrived in ForestClan. Rosefur and Olivetail became mates. Rosefur had three kits named Cloudkit(Cloudfur),Skykit(Skycloud), and Petalkit(Petalnose) When Rosefur heard of SnowClan, she joined it. Rosefur did recognize Icestar, but played along as if she thought it was just another cat. When her kits became apprentices she and Olivetail were still mates except Olivetail lived in a different clan. She would meet Olivetail from time to time, but soon, Rosefur was expecting another litter of kits. When she heard that an evil clan was attacking SnowClan, she left to ForestClan where she had her kits. She had three kits: Smokekit(Smokestar), Oceankit(Oceanpaw), and Mousekit. But soon a fire came. Olivetail took Oceankit while Rosefur took Smokekit and Mousekit. She made it successfully back to SnowClan, but Olivetail and Oceankit never returned. When Blacktail's kit Lilykit(Lilywhisker) was born, Smokekit(Smokestar), Lilykit, and Mousekit went to MoonClan where Mousekit was sadly killed by a MoonClan cat. Rosefur never spoke to Smokekit after that. Once Oceankit(Oceanpaw) showed up one day, Rosefur was overjoyed. Oceankit said Olivetail had died. One day, Smokekit told Oceankit

that Rosefur had been ignoring him and they ran off. When Rosefur went after them, she fell into a fox trap. As she was dying, she apologized to Smokekit and then died. Read about Rosefur and her family in *Mosskit Book 1: Skycloud.*

Pebblepaw: Pebblepaw fell in love with a beautiful ginger she-cat named Sandpaw. Pebblekit's warrior name was Pebblefoot and Sandpaw's warrior name was Sandnose. Lots of time passed and finally, Sandnose had one kit named Stonekit. But one day Sandnose was was attacked by an evil tom who was trying to kill every member of her family. Once Sandnose realized there was nothing Pebblefoot could do to stop the rogue, she brought Stonekit to SnowClan and died shortly after. Stonekit(Stonepaw) became good friends with Icestar. She was like his mother(but in fact she was his grandmother). Yet one day he was killed by a fox. Read more about Stonepaw in *The Cat and the Fox.*

BLOSSOM'S KITS:

Blaze: We all know Blaze left to join SnowClan when he was about seven moons old, but we don't actually know what he did there. Blaze loved the stories his friend Mintkit(Mintfall) told him, so one day he decided to join SnowClan. His new name was Foxpaw. He and Mintpaw were best friends. Mintpaw's mentor Blackheart accused Mintpaw of being in love with Foxpaw, however she disagreed and said they were only friends. Foxpaw overheard this and felt depressed that he wanted to be Mintpaw's mate. He then decided he didn't need her and fell in love with a former MoonClan cat named Petalpaw.(Not Petalnose) Mintpaw truly did love Foxpaw, but realized he didn't love her. Soon Mintpaw fell in love with her mentor Blackheart. Petalpaw became a warrior before Foxpaw. Her name was Petalstream. One day Petalstream was angry at Icestar and Icestar exiled her(Note this was at the end of Icestar's life and she was going a little crazy). Petalstream left with her sister and told Foxpaw she was leaving him. Foxpaw was heartbroken. Mintpaw knew it was her chance and she and Foxpaw fell in love once again. But Foxpaw realized he knew she loved Blackheart and tried to talk to Petalstream. Petalstream ignored him and said that he was in love with Mintpaw. Not her. But when a fox tried to attack Petastream, Foxpaw leapt in front of her and ended up

falling down a cliff with the fox. Foxpaw was badly injured and the fox was dead. Petalstream knew he loved her and they went home. Foxpaw survived and his warrior name was Foxflame. When Smokestar became leader, he allowed Petalstream back into SnowClan. Foxflame and Petalstream became mates. And it wasn't till a few moons later that Petalstream had kits She had four kits: :Larkheart, Swiftstep, Reedtail, and Littlepelt. Soon enough, Foxflame's family all seemed to past, and he outlived all his kits. He and Mintfall continued to hold a strong friendship, and they sat in the elder's den together. Though Mintfall and Foxflame were never mates, they truly loved each other, and they died of old age together.

Fire: Fire left one day because he was sick of lying to Snickerdoodle and couldn't take it. Fire's story is very sad actually. Fire went missing at four moons. After he walked for awhile he tried to find SnowClan, but was unsuccessful. Later that night he was killed by a fox.

Rose: Rose became Lavenderkit in FoxClan. Her love was Nightkit. Lavenderkit and Nightkit became apprentices and later warriors. They became mates and Lavenderwhisker had two kits, Nightkit, and Violetkit(named after her sister). When the twolegs destoyed FoxClan, Nightclaw died, leaving Lavenderwhisker to raise her kits. She had two kits-Violetkit and Darkkit. Unfortunately, she was captured by the second raid of MoonClan, and the clan died off eventually after that. Her generation did not continue.

Violet: Violet(Violetflower) became Violetkit and was in love with Flamekit. They became apprentices, but Flamepaw didn't like her. When Violetpaw was a warrior, she died of greencough.

Author's Note

Dear reader,

Thank you for supporting the first warriors fanfiction I have ever written.

I first started this story in 2010/2011. It was, honestly, pretty bad, and I apologize for the excessive number of deaths. I hope you've enjoyed this story, or even if you haven't, I encourage you to read the rest of my books (they're a lot better, I can assure you). Thank you.

~Maeve